

# YOUTH'S COMPANION



Painted by Allan F. Thomas

LITTLE JOE THOMAS STOOD UP AND TOOK THE STEERING OAR  
See Story "All Wet," Page 456

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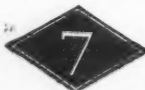
It's an important thing to make your strokes correctly. Eyes always on the ball. Feet perpendicular to the sideline . . . head of the racquet above your wrist . . . a long, clean stroke . . . weight shifting forward as you hit the ball . . . a complete follow through.

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### THE MEAN THING

YOUNG LADY: "My father gives me a dollar every birthday. I now have \$18."  
Young Man: "How much does he still owe you?"  
—Franklin Rutter

### AN ESSAY ON FROGS

A BOARD of education in a Western town has caused a classic essay to be immortalized in type. It's about frogs and written by a young Norwegian. This is the essay:

"What a wonderful bird the frog! When he stands he sits, almost. When he hop he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly either. When he sit he sit on what he ain't got almost."  
—S. S. Beller

### IT GAVE GOOD SERVICE

THIS conversation was overheard in a small-town store in a Southern state.  
First negro: "I just got me a new almanac today, George."  
Second negro: "Sho' 'nuff?"

First negro: "Yes, the one I got when I married has jus' giv' out, an' I been married sixteen years."  
—Lovis Dudley Cofer

### THE REALIST

TEACHER: "I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

Johnny: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "Why is it wrong?"

Johnny: "Because you ain't went yet."  
—George A. Clouse

### A NATURAL MISTAKE

ANNE, aged four, was helping her mother in tidying up bureau-drawers preparatory to spring cleaning. Coming across a lump of reddish-brown substance, Anne asked: "What's this, Mother?"

Upon being told it was sealing-wax, she said: "When are you going to wax the ceiling, Mother?"  
—Laura Walsh Stewart

### HE SHOULD HAVE GONE INTO NEUTRAL

MARY: "How did you break your tooth?"  
John: "Oh, in shifting gears on a lollypop."  
—Robert Weinkauff

### THE BITER BIT

A WITTY Scotch preacher was accosted one day by two boys who were known to be rowdies.

"Have you heard the news?" they asked.

"What news?"

"The Devil's dead."

"You don't say so. Now I suppose I shall have to pray for you two fatherless boys."  
—Roy N. Kopp

### THE PATIENT GLACIER

TOURIST (in park, looking at boulder): "And just where did you say this rock came from?"

Guide: "A glacier brought it down."

Tourist: "Where did the glacier go?"

Guide: "Oh, it went back after another rock."  
—James S. Hopkins

### NO USE RUNNING AWAY

THEY were climbing a lofty peak of the Alps, and she was standing a few feet above him. She turned around and gazed in wonderment.

"What," he asked, "do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long, white sheet stretching like a paper ribbon almost back to our hotel."

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that hotel bill overtaking us."  
—Mary M. Daroska

### THE MODERN TOUCH

"MOTHER, this must be Shrove Tuesday," said the little girl.

"What makes you think so, dear?"

"The cross-word buns!"  
—S. E. Jenkins

## The BROKEN Golf Shaft



BRUCE and Larry were both enthusiastic golfers. Every chance they got they went out on the links and every time Larry won, by his less brilliant but steadier play—until the day Bruce broke the shaft of his driver on the second tee. Bruce borrowed Larry's driver which had a Bristol Steel Shaft. Immediately his driving, which had been the main cause of his defeats, magically improved.

"Say," said Bruce, finally, "this sure is a wonderful driver of yours. It feels just like that midiron of mine with which I get my best shots."

"Sure," said Larry. "That's why you're driving so well now. All my clubs have Bristol Steel Shafts and they all have the same feel. I swing each one the same, and so, naturally I play every shot as well as my best. If you'd get all your clubs with Bristol Steel Shafts that feel just like your midiron, you could be a peach of a golfer, Bruce!"

Unfortunately for Larry, Bruce did.

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*As day was breaking, I met Jackson with about a hundred Blackfeet riding like mad to our relief*

## A Bad-Medicine Hunt

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON

JANUARY of 1878 in northern Montana was a month of chinooks. The warm weather enabled Jackson, Apsi and me to skin the several hundred wolves that had so long lain frozen round our poisoned baits; Apsi's mother and sister were kept busy fleshing, and pegging the hides out to dry. In every direction from the Blackfoot camp on Cow Creek the plains were covered with buffalo and antelope; so we all remained there instead of moving down to the Missouri, as the chiefs had intended to do earlier in the season.

On the evening of January 28, according to my old notebook, Jackson and I were guests in Apsi's lodge. He had invited us to a little feast; his mother and sister had cooked for us some buffalo boss ribs, some flour cakes fried in marrow grease, some servis berries and a pot of tea. The meat was not fat, and Apsi made complaint about it.

"Well, then, why don't you kill some fat meat?" his mother asked. "I am not the hunter, you know. I have for a long time been wanting some fat bighorn meat. It would be a good change from buffalo and antelope meat."

"Oh, yes, brother," his sister chimed in, "do kill a fat bighorn for us."

"Listen to that!" said Apsi. "They ask me to take the time to hunt bighorns when we have all we can do to look after our wolf baits."

"But what is one day—or two days?" I put in. "I too should like some bighorn meat. Let's go kill one or two of the animals."

We agreed to go on a bighorn hunt the next day. There were some of the animals on the bare tops of the near-by Little Rockies, but, as the hunters of the camp went up that way every day, we decided to go down to the breaks of the Missouri below the mouth of Cow Creek, where the game was still more plentiful and was undisturbed.

We rode out from camp early the next morning, taking with us two pack horses, some bedding, a little food and a pot for making tea. Our route was straight down the valley of Cow Creek, on the trail the

Nez Perces had followed a few months before. It was really a wagon road. In low-water time the steamboats could ascend the river only as far as Cow Island; thence bull and mule trains hauled their freight to Fort Benton.

We went on down to the Missouri, and then, taking to the ice, which was mushy on top and good footing for the horses, we passed Cow Island and made camp in the bottom just below it on the north side. A grove of cottonwoods afforded good shelter for us; out on the flat there was feed for the horses. A large herd of buffalo ran out of the bottom when we entered, and in the timber we raised a number of white-tail deer; Jackson killed one of them, a dry doe, and fat. As the last rays of the setting sun painted yellow the tops of the black rock buttes and cliffs overlooking the bottom, we saw upon one of them a small band of bighorns, sharply outlined against the blue sky background. The sight augured well for the morrow.

"Perhaps we can kill what we want early in the morning, and get home before night," said Apsi.

We sat late round the camp fire, roasting and eating ribs of the deer. Apsi had the fire going again before daylight, and after a hasty meal of meat and tea we set out on foot for the bad lands. The sun was rising as we passed out of the timber and repicketed our horses. Just beyond them four or five mule deer were traveling in a single file back to the breaks, and at the lower end of the bottom were a dozen or more elk and several buffalo.

We separated after moving the horses, Jackson heading for the breaks at the upper end of the bottom, Apsi for those at its lower end, while I took a middle course. Soon after leaving the flat I lost sight of both of them.

It was rough country that I soon got into,

as bad as any I ever tackled in the Rocky Mountains. Here and there were treacherous trap-rock cliffs to scale, and some of them were unclimbable. There was nothing to do then but turn to the right or left, slide into wash after wash and climb their steep sides, until I could find a break in the wall. Where there was no rock the footing was bad. The bad-land volcanic ash-earth was crusted on top, and soft and powdery for six inches beneath the crust; before I had gone a mile my steps began to lag.

IT was the middle of the morning when, wet with perspiration and just about fagged out, I came to the foot of a cliff well up toward the summit of the breaks, or, in other words, the level of the plain. I had passed many bighorn signs, and here under this cliff was a hard-beaten runway of the animals; all about were oval, pawed-out depressions in the ash-earth where they had lain down to rest and sleep. I crossed the trail and sat down with my back to the cliff; no sooner had I lightly leaned against it than rectangular pieces of rock came tumbling all round me. I saw that I had broken down the walled up entrance to a small cave six or seven feet long, about three feet high and five feet deep. On the floor of it lay stretched out a human skeleton. I laid down my rifle and crawled inside to examine it.

Judging by the inch or so of gray, powdery dust on the cave floor, and the coating of it on the bones, the grim remains must have lain there a long, long time; several centuries, perhaps. I blew the dust from the skull, and found in the top of it a jagged hole. Of clothing, or of weapons or implements of any description, there was not the least sign, but I thought that there might be something covered by the dust, and I began to scrape it out with a straight-edged piece of rock. Clouds of it rose and nearly choked

me, but I kept on scraping, removing bones and all, and presently I uncovered a yellow flint knife about five inches in length, that had been deposited on the outer side of the remains, close to the hip. On the inner side, close to the shoulder, were sixteen black obsidian arrow points about three-quarters of an inch long, very narrow and rounding, and slightly barbed.

They had all lain close together, the points all one way, toward the head of the remains, and must have been attached to shafts when deposited there; but nothing remained of the wood except yellowish streaks in the gray dust covering the floor. I laid the points and the knife on the ground outside the cave and sat down to examine them.

My studies were broken by a shot; presently came another. Both were not far east of me, and a little higher than my position. I stuffed the arrow points and knife into a coat pocket, picked up my rifle and listened. Apsi of course had done the shooting, and I was sure that he had killed, else why the second shot so long after the first? I was about to rise and work over in that direction when I heard the thud! thud! thud! of jumping feet. An instant later a dozen and more bighorns came flying toward me along the trail. A big ewe led the band. I blatted loudly, and she stopped short, the others crowding close behind her. I fired at her brisket, well up, and with a tremendous leap she pitched out off the trail, struggled to regain her feet and rolled on down the steep to the foot of a boulder. The others whirled and tore back the way they had come. I did not fire again. The ewe was all the meat I cared for. I soon had her dressed and ready to drag down to the edge of the bottom.

Before I had gone far with my quarry, I saw Apsi coming down the next slope to the east; he too had a bighorn in tow. We signaled to each other, and a little later came together in the bottom of a deep coulie into which both ridges merged. Just below was another cliff; we dragged the animals to the edge of that and sat down. Apsi had killed his meat, a fine two-year-old ram, from the band out of which I had later picked the ewe, and, as I surmised, had at first crippled it and then finished it with a second shot.

I told of my discovery of the burial cave and produced the flint knife and handful of arrowheads.

At sight of them Apsi sprang away from me. "Take them back to the place and leave them there!" he cried, and in his voice was

real terror. "You know well enough that robbing the dead is about the most dangerous thing one can do; it never fails to bring bad luck; death even. Do you suppose the ghost of that ancient one will not take revenge for what you have done?"

"If he does, I shall be the one to suffer—not you," I answered. "But I shall not suffer; never yet was there a white person who saw a ghost, or was ever troubled by one."

"Oh, I know, I know," he cried, his face dark with misery, his hands gripped together. "You and your kind do not see the ghosts because you have no medicine and are blind to them. All the same, ghosts are; and they do to you just what they do to us; they steal to your couch in the night and tap you with their unseen, unfelt hands and give you dreadful sickness. They give you bad luck in many ways, especially if they be the ghosts of enemies. But, you, you whites, you cannot see, you do not believe, and you lay your troubles to other causes. Oh, my brother, take back the things, or, at least, drop them here." And with that he pushed his ram over the edge of the cliff and descended somewhat to the right of it where the wall was broken down. I did likewise and soon overtook him. "Did you throw them away?" he asked.

"Apsi, brother, I can't do that," I answered and explained to him as well as I could that I wanted to send the things to the Smithsonian Institution, near the Great Father's house, where were rooms full of ancient weapons, tools, pottery, and the like, which wise white men were ever collecting and studying in order to learn something about the peoples who made them. But it was as if he had not heard. He neither answered nor looked at me and very soberly started on down the slope.

"But many of the Blackfeet have these ancient stone knives and arrow heads and do not fear them," I said, when we again stopped to rest.

"Ha! That is different. Those that they keep came not from graves. They have been handed down from father to son ever since they were made in the long ago."

He did not again ask me to throw away the knife and the points, but the look he gave me was intensely reproachful.

It was long past noon when we reached the foot of the slope with our bighorns. The long drag had pretty well denuded them of hair, especially along the back and thighs, but the hides were not damaged. I was glad of that, as I wanted to tan them for a shirt. Bighorn leather, or so-called buckskin, is the best of all for that purpose, as it is very light and of even quality.

After another short rest we left the animals there at the foot of the breaks and started across the bottom toward camp, wending our way among clumps of sagebrush and greasewood higher than our heads. This growth extended only half way out to the river and timber; the rest of the flat was fine grass land. We presently came to the edge of the sage belt. Apsi, who was in the lead, stopped short. "The horses! They are gone!" he exclaimed.

Sure enough, they were gone. Only a short time before, when we were approaching the foot of the slope, they had been in sight and quietly feeding. I suggested that Jackson had probably come in ahead of us and driven them to water.

"That is possible, but we will just wait here and see if it is so," Apsi said, and we drew back into cover of the brush.

We must have stood there half an hour, waiting to see the horses brought out of the timber. They did not come; Apsi said that a war party had taken them. I was still of the opinion that Jackson had them in the camp and all saddled, awaiting our arrival. But my partner shook his head.

"No, Sik-si-kai-kwan is not there, else he would be cooking; we would see smoke. Anyhow, we must take no chances. The one thing for us to do is to sneak up through this brush to the upper end of the bottom, and then down through the timber until we can see our camping place—and whatever may be there. But, oh, my brother, be wise. Take my words: for my sake, now, before we start, throw away those things that you have in your pocket."



Three times I fired at him, as fast as I could work lever and trigger

THERE was no resisting that appeal. I took out the flint knife and the arrow points and tossed them down at the foot of a big sage. As they clinked together on the ground, Apsi straightened his shoulders with a shrug, as if he were casting off a heavy burden, and a bright smile lit up his face. He started on; I, following and without his seeing, tossed my handkerchief into the bush to mark the place where my relics lay. I had no mind to lose them; at some future time I would recover them.

We were not long traveling up the bottom to the river, where point of grove and belt of sagebrush met. Slowly and cautiously we started down through the timber. I still believed that all this circuitous sneaking and spying was needless and that Jackson was in camp with the horses. Then, not seventy-five yards ahead of us, a gun boomed, a puff of smoke burst from a clump of willows, and with a low cry of pain Apsi dropped his rifle and swung half round, clapping his right hand to his left shoulder. As he did so another shot rang out and a bullet spat into

a tree behind which I was dodging. I saw the smoke from that gun also and, more dimly, the man behind it, partially screened by willows.

Once, twice, three times I fired at him as fast as I could work lever and trigger, and that was pretty fast. At the first shot he sprang from the willows and ran toward the larger and thicker clump from which his comrade had fired at Apsi. My second shot also went wild, but when the third cartridge slipped from the magazine into the barrel I had somewhat recovered control of my nerves. When I pulled trigger, the man almost dropped, then straightened up for a couple of jumps and finally smashed down into the willows he was heading for.

All this happened in a few seconds. While

Some blood was trickling from the wound. I made him go to the farther side of the point, where water was running on the ice, and wash it while I stood watch. He soon returned, cheerful as ever despite the pain and the fact that he could not use his left arm. We began to discuss the predicament we were in. The enemy was, of course, a war party of Assiniboin. No other tribe made a practice of going on raids in the winter; and no other warriors of the wide plains were anywhere near so expert as they in sneaking round and taking their intended victims unawares. We dreaded the coming night.

Where was Jackson? Would he come heedlessly down to the bottom and across it to camp and fall into their hands? There was a chance that he wouldn't. Some of the enemy would be waiting there for him; there were three riding saddles and two pack saddles and five horses in our outfit, and by that they would know that there were three in our party. But there was the chance that from a point somewhere up in the breaks Jackson had heard the firing in the bottom and seen the enemy pursuing us. We hugged that hope, for we could in no way aid him or apprise him of what lay concealed in the apparently deserted bottom.

"Brother, I see one possible way for us to get away from the enemy," Apsi suddenly exclaimed. "Farther up, under the shelter of the grove at the upper end of the island, we may be able to reach the south shore without being seen. If we succeed, we can work our way up the river to a point away above Cow Creek, and then cross and strike out for home."

"Let's try it," I said, and we hurried through the willows up into the grove. From there we backed out on the ice, keeping the grove between us and the whole length of the bottom below, and so across the narrow south channel to the shore. There we halted in the brush for a few minutes and, seeing no one in pursuit, went on. By three o'clock we were again on the north side of the river and at dusk walked into the Cow Creek trail, certain that no one was following us. At midnight Apsi declared that he could go no farther, so weak was he from loss of blood and pain. But he insisted that I should go on and rouse the camp, and I did so.

I DON'T know how I ever accomplished it, but I got within five miles of home without ever stopping; and there, as day was breaking, I met Jackson with about a hundred Blackfeet riding like mad to our relief. From the top of the breaks he had seen us running for the island, seen the Assiniboin shooting at us, and at once had started out for help. I told them where Apsi was, and one of the party agreed to give him a lift home. Another turned back with me. Apsi came in at noon; Kipp dressed and bandaged his wound and shoulder. Then we slept, never stirring until the next morning. The shouts and victory songs of the returning party roused us, and we hurried out to see what they brought. They had every one of our horses, and the scalp of every one of the Assiniboin, ten of them, who, the day before, had come so near to murdering us.

But we lost our fine bighorn meat. The wolves got it. Some weeks afterward I recovered the flint knife and the arrow points—only to lose them in a flood the following summer. I did not tell Apsi about it. He always insisted that, if I had not thrown them away when I did, we should never have made our escape from the enemy.

## All Wet

By HARFORD POWEL, JR.

Illustrated by ALLAN F. THOMAS

THE academy is situated almost within sight of the Atlantic Ocean, with long sandy beaches where boys have at all seasons admirable opportunities for walking, running, and for studying marine life; and where, in season, they have boating and sea bathing. A New Bedford whaleboat has recently been acquired, and rowing is encouraged under proper supervision."

All this stuff is from the academy catalogue.

This is a story about the proper supervisor of our whaleboat, a new teacher, Rose Madder by name. Madder was the last name, of course, while Rose was our own nickname for him, due to his school-girl complexion, which was truly among those skins you love to touch. He was an old sea dog, none the less—to hear him tell it, you would have thought that he had been born in the Gloucester fishing fleet, wrapped in seaweed instead of baby clothes, and that he had regular duck webs between his fingers and toes.

Perhaps he had been reading the catalogue before he came to Middletown. At least, he hardly had his trunk unpacked and his clipper-ship pictures up on the walls of his study before he began talking about the New Bedford whaleboat and the prospects for a Middletown racing crew. Doctor Dupee was delighted to find that such an enthusiastic sailor had joined our faculty, no doubt feeling that the crew would be a splendid way to insure compulsory exercise for those boys whose parents feared the awful carnage of football, as described in many newspaper editorials. So Rose Madder went right to work and called out crew candidates. At a meeting in his room, where he now had in-

stalled an old ship's bell in place of the mirror over the fireplace, and used a piece of teakwood from the hull of the frigate Granite State for a paper-weight, he told everyone that we would soon be racing other schools, if not indeed sending a challenge to Annapolis or the University of Washington.

It may have become evident to him, despite his enthusiasm, that all this could be only a dream for the present, since only six crew candidates appeared, and they were but small in stature and feeble in physique. All the bigger boys wanted to play football, with the exception of a few whose parents had scruples, and who were thus condemned

to practicing with the hammer and shot. However, Rose Madder was not daunted. He took his six little fellows out every afternoon in the boat, after equipping them with regulation navy-style white blouses and pants.

The boys would have preferred to play around, as before, in the canoes. But Rose kept them sternly at work in the whaleboat, saying that they would be grateful to him some day, if not now, for a training that would eventually make them members of a college eight-oared crew. This rowing practice naturally lapsed when winter came; and Rose spent the cold weather doing his regular work as a French teacher and dreaming about the spring afternoons when he could hold crew practice in bitter earnest.

"I am urging Doctor Dupee to buy a mast and sail for the boat," he said one evening. "Frequently, in the good old days, the whaleboat sailed down to the whale, only having recourse to oars when at close quarters. Think what this life must have been. Think of the long, exciting sail over stormy seas—the sudden, sharp pull forward under



oars—the harpooner in the bow of the boat, plunging with unerring aim his heavy harpoon deep into the vitals of the whale—the way the boat leaped forward, perhaps for miles, while the whale swam at almost express train speed, or sounded hundreds of fathoms deep; think of the final flurry—the great victory over a huge creature perhaps one hundred and twenty feet long, and strong enough to shiver the boat to bits with one blow of his enormous tail!”

“Boiling out the oil must have been dirty work,” remarked Stan Biddle.

“Man’s work,” answered Mr. Madder, sharply.

ALWAYS, sitting in his room, or pacing up and down as he told sea stories, this small-sized teacher gave the impression that he was panting for breath inside a stuffy room, and only wished to be out somewhere on the broad ocean where a man can really breathe.

“Methinks the lady doth protest too much!” said Stan to me in private one day. “I don’t believe he can have passed through such stirring adventures, such narrow escapes from storm and tempest and typhoon.”

“Of course not,” I said. “He only imagines them. He has read about them, and they are just as real to him as if he had lived through them. Imagination is everything. As Doctor Dupee so often says, we should cultivate our imaginative powers, and they will be a tremendous resource to us in daily living.”

“Well,” said Stan, “I believe this bird imagines he’s Rusty Callow himself. He’s called for crew candidates again.”

It was quite interesting when the mast and sail came from New Bedford, and Rose Madder spread them out on the grass in front of the school and showed a lot of boys which was the leach, the luff, the foot and the other hitherto mysterious technical terms of sailing.

“With this rig,” said Rose proudly, “we can make many an interesting trip around Egg Harbor and Great Bay. Without conflicting with rowing practice, we can even make long trips as far as Barnegat on the north, or Atlantic City on the south.”

As Atlantic City was strictly “out of bounds” for the school, many boys pricked up their ears at this remark and began to think that boating was a great thing after all. Doctor Dupee, also, was pleased.

“So long as you do not land,” he said, “I see no reason why you should not cruise past Atlantic City or any other resort, viewing the Shoot the Chutes from a safe and satisfactory distance.”

And so it was ordained.

There were as many as nine candidates for the crew, but from their reports we learned that the sail was little used, and they continued to be galley slaves as of old.

“He says it is splendid for our hearts, lungs and characters,” reported the Red-Headed Woodpecker. This was a boy who had been greatly interested in birds and had amassed a large collection of their eggs.

“He’s looking for sperm whales in Egg Harbor!”

“Or enemy periscopes!”

“No, he thinks he’s beating Yale!”

“Row, row, row!”

These were comments from other members of the crew, all of whom, like the Woodpecker himself, were under-sized boys who rather loathed such hard work. The only really strong one among them was Joe Thomas, and he was only fifteen and short for his age.

“But what about the sail?” Stan Biddle wanted to know.

“To tell you the truth,” answered the Woodpecker, “I don’t think Mr. Madder is as happy about the sail as he thought he would be. We only have had it up once, and that day we kept bumping into motor boats at their moorings, and sometimes the boat wouldn’t come about until we tried six or seven times, or actually rowed it about with the oars. He says she is too cranky to sail well.”

“I bet I could sail her,” said little Joe Thomas.

“What makes you think so?” asked Stan.

“Oh, nothing. But I’ve sailed some, down at Kittery. A whaleboat’s all right if—”

He dried up at this point. He was a Maine boy, and they don’t talk much.

On Sunday afternoons, before evening prayers at the academy, Stan and I that spring often rode our bicycles to Egg Harbor and went out in a canoe. It was fun to sit in the sun and talk about the future. Stan was going to Harvard, whereas I expected to go home and get a job, being only at Middletown on a scholarship and unable to see my

way to college. But Stan’s ideas were very interesting.

“I’m going right out for freshman football at Cambridge,” said Stan. “They have more than two hundred candidates, and my chances won’t be anything at all. But when I am dropped, I’m going right out for hockey manager, and then for the Crimson, too.”

“Got it all planned cold, haven’t you?”

“In a big place like Harvard, you’ve got to

been reading ‘The Cruise of the Cachalot,’ and—”

“A most inaccurate book.”

We looked at Mr. Madder in astonishment.

“Is it really inaccurate, sir?”

“So whalemens say,” replied Rose, in a way that suggested that he intimately knew hundreds of whalemens.

“Anyway, sir,” persisted Stan, “my friend and I would like to go out once in a



“Rose” Madder was one of those teachers whom you can’t argue with and educate

plan. If you just lie on your oars, nobody will ever notice you—and then you’ll have a rotten, lonely time and probably blame it on the cold indifference of the college.”

After these words of wisdom, which Stan doubtless got from his older brother, a Harvard senior, nothing more was said for a while.

“Speaking of oars,” I said at last, “take a look at the whaleboat, will you?”

She was coming in past us to her buoy, and a very pretty sight she was, riding high in the water, and with the oars all dipping and rising together. Rose Madder held the steering oar, and called the time:

“Stroke! Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!”

Nothing is as graceful as a whaleboat, and I must say that the boys got quite a little speed out of her—perhaps they were grunting a little harder than usual for our benefit. We paddled in, and joined them while they were putting their oars away.

“I hope you two big strong active boys had a luxurious afternoon on your soft cushions,” remarked Rose, in a not very pleasant way.

“Yes, sir,” Stan’s voice was polite. “We take cushions out with us in the canoe, as prescribed in school regulations. You will notice that they are air cushions and will serve as life preservers in an emergency.”

But Rose had turned on his heel. He was now barking out fresh commands to his crew, in best naval style. They changed their clothes, and walked out to the two cars that carried them back to Middletown.

“Jack and I would like to go out with you some day,” said Stan, to my surprise. “Some day when you are sailing, perhaps. I have

whaleboat, to see what it is like, and so if you will take us sometime—”

“Very well,” barked Rose. “But not as passengers, not just for the sake of a lazy afternoon. You will have to work your way, like men. Report to me here on Tuesday at two o’clock precisely. We are going for a long row, outside the harbor, and I can use a little more strength, although you don’t know anything about rowing.”

This was true enough, technically, although Stan and I had often used rowboats. However, Rose was one of those teachers whom you can’t argue with and educate. Some of the other teachers we really had educated, at one time or another—but we found all such effort wasted on Rose. So we let his remark pass in silence.

I did not think Stan would be able to row on Tuesday, as he was still trying hard for the baseball team, hoping to win his letter before he graduated. Yet by a peculiar coincidence, while I was watching the baseball practice on Monday afternoon, I heard Mr. Moore, the coach, talking to Stan.

“Biddle,” he said, “you are big enough for a first baseman, and you have tried for four years with good spirit to make the team. But Landers is a much better ball player than you. You will never learn to bat, and while you are a fair fielder, mechanically, you—”

At this point I, of course, turned aside so that I would hear no more of these private words. But in another minute I saw Stan walk back to the gym, with his head hanging, and knew that he never again would appear in uniform on Middletown Field. Wearing glasses, as I myself do, and being

no earthly use on a baseball field, I could nevertheless understand how Stan felt at this agonizing moment in his athletic career. I kept out of his way; it was all I could do for him at the time.

But that evening I went to Mr. Moore and said: “Sir, if Biddle remained with the squad, could he not at least play in the final game as a pinch-hitter and so win his baseball letter? This is his last year at school, and he is senior monitor, and has played football with notable success, and—”

“But why,” said Mr. Moore, “should the school let any pinch-hitter bat for a man who can hit better than he can? Biddle is the weakest hitter on the squad.”

THE logic was unanswerable. So I gave up. And next afternoon, feeling that it would distract Stan’s mind from his failure in baseball, I gladly went with him for the trip in the whaleboat.

Mr. Madder placed Stan and me side by side on the middle thwart, cautioning us to watch him carefully and be sure to row in time. I hoped that we were going to sail, but we were informed that conditions were not right. There was, in point of fact, a considerable breeze.

We rowed about half a mile without stopping, and I felt frightful pains down the upper sides of my forearms; and when we rested I could see Stan rubbing himself in the same place. After only a few minutes to catch our breath, Mr. Madder gave the command: “Attention, crew! Ready! Row!” and we set off again, rapidly nearing the mouth of the harbor.

Even through my pain I could not help noticing how beautifully the small boy in front of me, on the stroke thwart, was handling his oar. This was Joe Thomas, the boy from Kittery, Maine. He was only fifteen, and small and light for his age. But he seemed actually to enjoy the hard work. He was like rubber. He swung forward and back, forward and back, without the least bit of effort or wasted strength. He looked as if he could keep rowing forever.

“Let her run!” commanded Rose Madder at last. Then, turning to Stan and me, he said: “Well, this is more fun than lazy canoeing, isn’t it? Two hours of this a day is just what you chaps need. We’ll have a good long row today, and you’ll feel better for it.”

Stan and I disagreed with him a whole lot, but we were too proud to say so. My arms were so numb by this time that I hardly felt the pain in them, but it seemed to have settled right under my breastbone. It was all I could do to keep swinging in time with little Thomas. If a mere kid could do it, I thought, surely Stan and I could keep it up. But after another mile, with the stroke somewhat faster, everything went black in front of my eyes. I couldn’t get my breath, either. But I could hear Mr. Madder calling: “Put your backs into it, now. Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!”

Then, after another spurt, I felt as if somebody had suddenly thrown a bucket of water over me. But it wasn’t what I thought. We stopped rowing, and I found that it was raining hard.

“Why,” said Rose Madder, in surprise, “I almost think we are caught in a squall.”

Nobody answered. But I could see, far away behind us, a sort of wall of white foam; and behind it the clouds were as black as ink. Even while I watched, the wall came nearer and nearer, and then there was a puff of wind so strong and cold that it nearly smothered me.

“Attention, eight!” began Mr. Madder. But before he could finish the command the words were blown out of his mouth. The wind hit us so hard that the whaleboat seemed to dance like a chip. In an instant, the water was boiling white all around us.

How long this lasted, with the boat rocking and lurching over the high waves that had suddenly sprung up, I have no way of knowing. Everything looked black. The inky clouds now covered the whole sky. My oar bucked in the water and once hit me so hard in the chin that I was dazed for a while.

Then came a most dazzling flash of lightning, and a clap of thunder followed it; and then came another, and this one must have missed the boat by a hair, because the flash and the roar were right together. And the rain was pouring down harder than ever and bouncing up where it hit the sea in little white squirts—while the sea itself looked as black as ink, except where white foam was torn off the wave tops by the wind.

Fighting with my oar, which seemed to have become a living thing that wanted to kill me, I nevertheless thought to myself that we might have a chance for life while

this brave and skillful seaman was in command. But I couldn't see Mr. Maddler clearly through the rain; I could only dimly see him crouching in the stern. And so perhaps twenty minutes passed; I know it seemed like twenty hours to me.

Then the worst of the rain was over, and the thunder and lightning seemed to be some distance on our left, instead of all around us, and it grew much less dark. But the waves were now so big that we almost tipped over whenever one rose beneath us; and when a wave caught up to us from behind, it threw an immense amount of white water over our legs and down into the bottom of the boat, where it sloshed from side to side as we rolled.

WE wondered why Mr. Maddler said nothing. He seemed to have sat down in the stern of the boat. As it grew lighter, I could see his face. It was set in the most awful expression, with his mouth wide open and his eyes rolling up.

The waves, which were running away from shore, were fast carrying us out to sea. Joe Thomas said something to Mr. Maddler. No answer. Then Joe turned around to Stan.

"We'll swamp unless we do something," he said, in a plain, everyday sort of voice. "Teacher won't answer. Boat's half full of water. Have to bail."

Stan and I could understand that, all right, and there was a bailer right under our thwart. I picked it up and began to empty water over the side of the boat. Another boy, in the bow of the boat, took a can that was there and followed my lead. But the waves continued to throw more water aboard than we could bail out.

Again Joe Thomas spoke to Mr. Maddler, and this time Mr. Maddler moved a little, but made no reply.

"What's the matter with him?" I shouted in Stan's ear. "Is he hurt or something?"

"Scared sick," shouted back Stan. "Look!" It was as Stan said; Mr. Maddler, at that very moment, became physically ill. He then lay helplessly in the bottom of the boat. And I felt a sudden, icy rush of fear. It seemed there could be no hope whatever for us now.

Then this little Joe Thomas stood up in the boat, which was heaving and lurching worse than ever, and stood there balancing on his feet.

"Row," he called. "Short strokes, now. Just keep the boat coming with the waves."

We did so, all but myself and the other fellow with the can. And this little Thomas climbed past me into the bow of the boat, and I could see out of the corner of my eye, while still bailing, that he was tying the bow rope—the painter—round some spare oars. Then he watched for a smooth spot, between two big waves, and threw the whole mess overboard.

"Row on your starboard oars," he called. "Back on your port oars. Quick, now! Row!"

The whaleboat turned around in a flurry of foam, rolled over till the gunwale was under water for a second, and then—as if by magic—was riding like a chip over all the waves that came. The sea anchor which Joe Thomas had made out of spare oars kept her pointing straight into the waves and the wind, and she climbed over them so easily and lightly that I had a feeling of hope.

But I kept on bailing still harder, and when I was tired out Stan took the bailer away from me and finished the job.

Thomas had meanwhile climbed back to the stern of the boat, where Mr. Maddler still lay like a petrified man. Joe stood up and took the steering oar.

"Wind's dropping," he said. "But there's more coming soon from the south."

Then Mr. Maddler spoke. "This is terrible," was what he said. We all heard him, in the lull.

"Mr. Maddler," called Stan Biddle, clearly, "have you ever been at sea before?"

"Never in a squall like this," groaned the teacher.

Stan said nothing, but bailed out some more water which had come in. And I began to realize that our fix was far worse than I had realized. We were blowing off shore in an open boat, with night coming on, and also another storm. And the man in charge was able to do nothing. I looked at Thomas—a little, young boy.

"Thomas," I called, "could you save this boat?"

"Don't know," said little Joe. "Anyway, if I don't, there's nobody else."

"What do you know about it?"

"Father was a fisherman. Owns a canning factory now, but I've sailed with him some."

Then there came a blast of wind in a new direction, almost in our faces. It whipped the tops off the waves and sent them flying back-

ward. The whaleboat almost stood on her head when this happened, and it was all we could do to bail her out again.

But there was a lull after this gust, and I managed to get out my oar and row at Joe's commands, now pulling forward and now back, in order to keep the boat riding squarely into the waves.

"These are swell sea boats," remarked Joe in such an ordinary tone that I couldn't believe I had heard him correctly. "Let's see. We are about two miles off shore, maybe three. Can't row against this sea. Let's get up the mast and sail in."

NOBODY stirred. Nobody believed that Joe meant what he said, or that any boat could sail in such tremendous waves.

"Listen," said Joe, softly. "When the new wind settles down from the south, it will sort of smooth out this sea. Then we'll just run home with it. Biddle, see if you and Norman and Henderson can step the mast. If I let go this steering oar, we might get into trouble."

We looked at him dumbly.

"Wouldn't it be better to stay here?" asked Stan. "Surely they will see us from shore and send a motor boat after us."

"Guess not. This isn't healthy weather for motor boats. Besides, it'll be dark in a few minutes."

It was far from dark when Joe Thomas said these words, because the clouds had parted in the west, and the sun was going down, blood-red, and painting the wave crests the same color. It is impossible to give an idea of the terror of the scene. The big waves would come rushing up to us, one by one, and actually hang over us before the whaleboat would rise and float over them and then settle down in the trough until the next whitecap came. You expected that each wave would sink you, and then somehow you rose over it in the most amazing and terrifying way. We were all terrified, of course. Anybody would have been. You have to be on the ocean in a storm like this before you realize how strong and cruel and awful it can be.

But if Joe Thomas felt frightened, you wouldn't have known it from anything he said or did.

As soon as Stan and his helpers had put up the mast, Joe told them how to get the sail

up. The wind was now coming just as he said and making a most peculiar sea—short and lumpy waves running in all directions. The new wind was not quite so fierce as the old one had been, but it was blowing hard. And the sun had now gone down, and the sky was getting almost jet black again.

Joe called Stan and me into the stern to hold the mainsheet, and it was all we could do to keep it in. The rest of the fellows all took their places where Joe directed along the upper, or weather, gunwale of the boat. The boat now dashed straight into the waves, instead of rising over them, and they pounded against her bottom like cannon shots. The spray flew out in sheets on both sides. Again and again we dipped the lee gunwale under, and Joe put two fellows to bailing again.

In this way, fully expecting every minute to be our last, and soaked with icy water so that our teeth chattered, we sailed for how many minutes I cannot tell. And all this time Mr. Maddler crouched in the stern, staring at the water, and saying never a word.

Suddenly we were in smooth water, inside the harbor mouth, and Joe Thomas stopped wrestling with the steering oar, which had nearly knocked him overboard a dozen times.

"Will you steer now, sir?" he asked respectfully; and, to my surprise, Mr. Maddler got up and took the oar. Then Joe Thomas sat down on his rowing thwart, and Mr. Maddler brought the boat to the mooring buoy and gave us the appropriate commands for making fast and going on shore.

It was past eight o'clock when we reached school. The storm proved to have been one of the most severe in many years; and several vessels were sunk along the New Jersey coast; so we had reason to know that our escape had been just as narrow as we thought.

Next morning, at assembly, Doctor Dupee made some remarks.

"All of us rejoice that our boys did not perish in the storm yesterday," he began. "For the skill and resourcefulness of Mr. Maddler, our sailing and rowing instructor, we should all give thanks. He informs me that all members of the crew showed coolness in the emergency, and so made possible his successful efforts to save their lives."

What can you do with a man like that? But it doesn't matter; Mr. Maddler is not at Middletown any more.

#### IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 2

"SALLY, for the goodness' sake!" ejaculated nineteen-year-old Isabel in her pretty little drawl. "The melodrama we saw at the theater tonight was nothing to this. I wish I'd stayed at home for excitement."

Judge and Mrs. Orme and Isabel had just returned from the theater, and Sally had been telling them about the young burglar lying unconscious in the parlor.

"Did you call Doctor Ellison, Sally?" her mother asked anxiously. "Whoever the man is he must have medical attention."

"The phone's out of order," Sally explained. "The storm did it. Grandma and Lois and I dressed his wound after carrying him to the couch. Lois and I carried his head, and Grandma carried his feet, and when we had him on the couch we probed for the bullet but couldn't find it, and so we just fixed up the wound the best we could."

"Poor burglar!" sighed Isabel with significant sympathy.

The Judge had not waited for any of these comments on Sally's story or made any himself. As soon as he understood what had happened he hurried into the parlor to see the patient with his own eyes and hear his mother's version of the affair. He was concerned to find so young a boy lying there in his house white-faced with a bloodstained bandage on his shoulder and to learn beyond doubt that it was his mother who had shot him. To get a physician at once became his main thought.

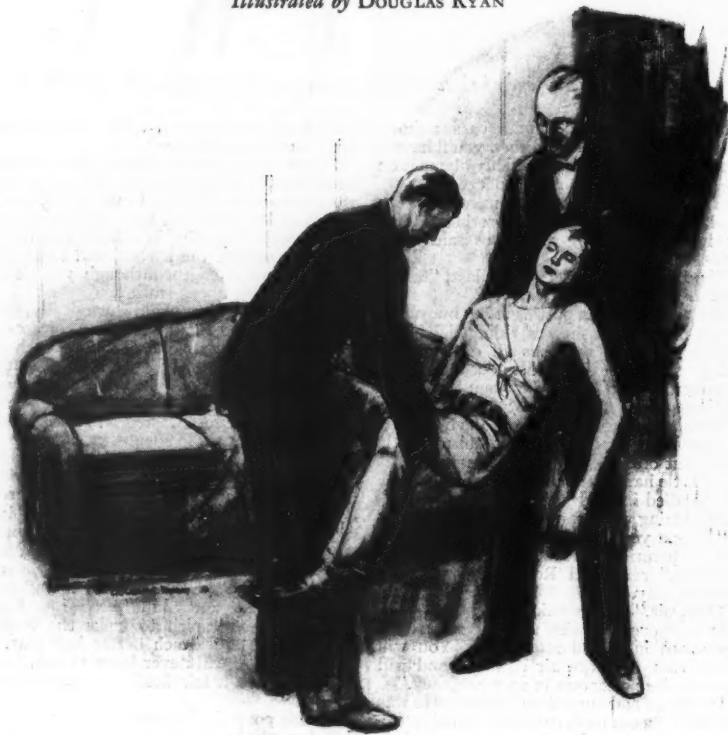
"I'll drive around to Ellison's house and bring him back with me," he said. "Keep the boy quiet and easy until I return. If he regains consciousness, don't bother him with questions. That can come later."

The Judge had seen a good many desperate men in his day. More than once, young fellows had come before him for offences against the law. He thought he knew a "bad egg" when he saw one. The boy lying unconscious in the house did not coincide at all with his idea of the young criminal. There were no lines of viciousness on the boy's face—no hardness, no appearance of wolfishness such as he had learned to

## The Picture Puzzle

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN



The two men carried the young patient into the guest room and took his muddy clothes off and put him to bed

associate with crooks. What could the explanation be?

He told himself that he knew nothing but the bare facts of the capture; and, being a wise man, he reserved judgment.

When the doctor arrived he made a careful examination of the patient and announced that there was no danger of the wound proving fatal, but that the young man would be a long while recovering from it and must have proper care. He said, too, that it would be better if he were not moved from the house.

"He shall stay here, of course," the Judge assured the physician. "Since my family is to blame for his injury the least we can do is to take care of him until some of his own people claim him. He is so young he must have people somewhere. How soon will it be safe to ask him something about himself, doctor?"

"I think you can question him tomorrow unless his fever rises," the doctor promised.

Mrs. Orme and her two daughters and Lois had been busy getting the downstairs guest chamber behind the parlor ready for an occupant, as it did not seem safe to carry the boy up the steps, and now the two men carried the young patient in there and took his muddy clothes off and put him to bed. At the same time Mrs. Orme sent the girls to their rooms, for it was very late. Never in their lives before had Sally and Lois sat up to such an hour, and they were so tired that they went to bed and to sleep without talking the matter over at all. They had had time enough for that while waiting for Sally's father and mother to come home. But when they woke next morning and went down to breakfast they were eager to hear the latest news of the mysterious guest in the house. Was he conscious? Had he answered any questions about himself? Had he confessed to being a housebreaker?

"Father has been in his room this last half-hour," Isabel told them with an amused smile at their youthful excitement. "He was discovered to be conscious a while ago, and Father went in to ask him a thing or two, as is assuredly our right. Here dad comes now to tell us what he has learned."

The Judge took his seat at the foot of the breakfast table and shook his head in token



that he hadn't much to tell after all. In response to his mother's anxious glance he reassured her by saying she need not worry overmuch about her hasty act of the previous evening, as it was probable that the boy had really come to the house to steal and richly deserved the injury he had received.

"Did you learn his name?" his wife asked. "He gave me a name—Laurence Oliver—which may or may not be his," Judge Orme answered dryly. "But he told me calmly that he did not care to answer my other questions as to where he comes from and who his people are. I started to threaten him with the police but decided it would be taking an unfair advantage of a sick boy."

"But didn't he tell you why he came to the house last night?" Sally asked, so interested she could hardly eat her breakfast. "And why he was carrying a burglar's tool?"

"As to that, he said he picked up the iron bar in the road and was carrying it for a weapon of defense. According to his story, he is a stranger in the city and left his hotel late yesterday afternoon to take a car ride and a walk. He rode out to the end of our line and got off to walk about in the autumn woods. He lost his way, was caught in the storm, and spent several hours in a deserted barn waiting for the rain to stop so that he could find his way back to the car line. But as it promised to storm all night he set out to seek a more comfortable shelter from the cold wind and while struggling along a lonesome lane passed a couple of villainous-looking tramps who eyed him as if they would like to hold him up. So when he found that crowbar he carried it with him to protect himself against an assault. He thought he saw a light in this house and made his way in this direction, but the light was gone when he reached the door, and he did not know whether the place was occupied or not. In the dark and pouring rain he could not find the doorbell at first and knocked with his fist, which was so cold it was numb. Then he saw a light appear again in the hall, and he found the bell at last and rang. When he was not admitted at once he grew impatient and shook the door, which opened and precipitated him into the hall. Then the shot came, and he must have struck his head in falling, for he knew no more. He claims that is all there is to tell of his evening's activities."

"H'm! A pretty little narrative," mused Grandmother Orme. "Do you believe it, Alan?"

"There may be truth in it, but I can't believe it's the whole truth," the Judge answered.

"It sounds to me like a story carefully concocted," remarked the younger Mrs. Orme.

"Well, I can verify part of it by going to the hotel where he said he was stopping," the Judge continued. "His suitcase is there, and I'm to send it out here to the house. I told him I would insist on his being our guest while recovering from the wound my mother had accidentally inflicted upon him, and he seemed quite pleased to have it so."

WHEN they rose from the breakfast table the Judge told Sally and Lois to get their hats and books, and they could go along to town with him in the automobile, and he would drop them at the high school before going to his office. Thus in spite of their great interest in the mysterious boy who lay wounded in a near-by room the two young school girls had to be up and away to their work. Everything else must wait on lessons when you are sixteen.

As Lois lived in the city and her parents had a natural prejudice against her spending another night away from home, Sally returned alone to the country at two o'clock that afternoon, this time on the street car. Before she reached the end of the line she was the only occupant of the car, and, having traveled over that route daily for several years, and being well acquainted with the motorman and conductor, she exchanged friendly greetings with them as she was getting off at the end of the run. After returning her greeting the conductor said to her, "I hope that man reached your house safely before the storm broke last night?"

"What man?" she asked him, instantly alert.

"A red-headed young fellow who came out on this car about five o'clock and asked me how to reach Judge Alan Orme's house, and how he'd know it when he got to it. I told him the best I could, but I saw him take a wrong turn, and as I couldn't leave the car to go after him I've been wondering ever since if he got there all right before that rain came up?"

"Oh, I know whom you mean now," Sally

said casually. "He was just a boy, wasn't he? About nineteen or twenty? I thought so! Yes, he reached the house at last."

But as she hurried down the lane which led to her home she was conscious of a new excitement. The boy had said he was just taking a walk the night before,—a stranger strolling about,—and here the conductor of the car had told her he had been seeking their house from the first. Why had he concealed this fact from her father?

The Orme home was a big yellow frame house with white pillars, standing far back in a yard which was just now carpeted with autumn leaves. The storm of the night before had left a tingle in the air, but a golden sun was trying hard to warm it, and purple mists trailed across the hilltops behind the house. Sally entered her gate, strolled up the brick

denly shut up in the bed prevented a guest from being perfectly comfortable there.

Into this ambiguous room then Sally entered and found a very good-looking boy with shining red hair lying among the pillows on the unfolded bed while the warm afternoon sun streamed in across the rose-wreathed carpet and a little fire sputtered in the small iron grate. By his side the parchesi board was in readiness for another game and Grandmother's low rocking chair still stood beside it.

"How do you do?" Sally said in her most polite tone as she encountered the quick blue eyes of the young patient. "I hope you are not suffering very much from that wound? I've come to play parchesi with you."

To her immense surprise he raised himself a few inches on his pillows, struck his head



With the opera glasses adjusted to his eyes, Larry was able to study the portrait closely

walk and in at the front door. As she stepped into the hall her grandmother came out of the room behind the parlor and spoke to her. "Sally, have you had your lunch?"

"Yes'm, at school."

"Then go in yonder and play parchesi with that boy while I take my nap. The whole family has been entertaining him today, and now it's your turn."

"Have you found out anything more about him?" Sally asked eagerly.

"Only that he's got a very lively tongue in his head and that his hair is even redder than it looked last night when it was wet. I don't believe he's a thief; it really seems ridiculous to suppose it; and so I am deeply concerned in keeping him comfortable and amused; but I'm so sleepy I've hardly been able to hold my eyes open this last half-hour. Your mother and Isabel have gone to a tea somewhere, and I've been waiting for you to come home and relieve me from duty. Now go in there and play with him. The parchesi board is on the table by his bed."

The room behind the parlor, in which the patient had been installed, was one of those chambers which lead a double life. The bed was of the old-fashion folding type which tries to disguise itself as a cheval-glass when not in use but never succeeds in deceiving anybody. The rest of the furnishings were of the style which fits either a bedroom or a sitting-room, dark and unobtrusive. The bureau could be made to look like a console table when candles and a Japanese bowl were substituted for comb and brush and pin-tray; the carpet was a duplicate of the rose-wreathed one in the parlor; and the curtains were white lace with brown draperies just as in the front room. When the folding doors were opened the rooms could be made to resemble a front and back parlor, which was sometimes desirable. Then, when the house was trying to accommodate a large number of overnight guests, a very little changing around turned the room into a pleasant bed-chamber again. Only the fear of being sud-

denly shut up in the bed prevented a guest from being perfectly comfortable there. Just when Sally was about to run to phone for the doctor he spoke.

"Is there no escape?" he asked in a martyred tone. "Must everyone who comes to this house submit to the torture? Is it your method of getting rid of unwelcome guests or what?"

"Are you delirious?" Sally asked him.

"I will be if I have to rattle that dice box another time. From nine until eleven this morning I played parchesi with Mrs. Orme, Jr.; from eleven until one I played it with Miss Isabel Orme; from one until three I have played it with Mrs. Orme, Sr.; and now here you come! Don't you ever do anything else in this house? Don't you sew or read or play the piano? Have you no interest in literature or art? Are politics of no concern to you? Does the whole existence of this whole family center in the parchesi board?"

"Grandma told me you had a tongue in your head, and I see she was right," Sally observed very dryly. "Of course you don't have to play parchesi if you are tired of it. But you could have said so in far fewer words. If you don't want to play games, what do you want to do?"

"To talk. There are some questions I want to ask somebody."

"All right, there are some questions I want to ask you, too."

"My turn first! You have a name, perhaps?"

"Yes, it's Sally Orme."

"Very pretty! If you'll let me call you Sally, I'll let you call me Larry, though I'm old enough to be your father."

Since he was determined to be foolish, Sally decided to play up to him. "If you are old enough to be my father, I'm old enough to be your mother," she told him. "How about that?"

"That sounds a little complicated, but we'll let it pass. Now you may ask me a question."

She could have asked him a hundred but thought one might be enough. "Why were you looking for our house last night?" she demanded. "This house in particular, I mean, and not just any house to get out of the rain? The conductor on the street car I rode home on from school today told me a red-headed boy—who I'm sure was you!—asked him how to reach Judge Orme's house when he left the car at the end of the line at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. If you had some business here, why have you never mentioned it?"

He changed color, and for once his easy flow of speech seemed to have deserted him. But after a moment's hesitation he resumed his casual air.

"Now that you speak of it, I believe I did ask that conductor some such question," he lightly admitted. "I—er—I wanted to see some of the old-time Southern homes around the city, and somebody at the hotel told me I must be sure and see the Orme house. So when starting for a walk in this neighborhood I just asked the conductor casually how to find Judge Orme's residence. I intended to look at it and pass by. But I've told your father how I lost my way and was caught in the storm. When I finally stumbled in at your gate hours later I had no idea where I was."

Sally regarded him closely as she sat there in the low rocker by his bed. Why was he trying to conceal his real reason for wanting to locate the Orme house? For she didn't believe a word of what he had said of being interested in old-fashioned architecture. She only pretended to accept the explanation.

"Your turn to ask a question now," she stated.

"I'm going to ask more than a question this time; I'm going to ask a favor. When those folding doors yonder were open for a few moments this morning I saw a picture on the wall in the front room that interested me very much. But before I got a good look at it the doors were closed again. Will you open them and let me see it better?"

Sally opened the folding doors. She knew of course what picture he meant, and indeed only one was visible from where he lay—the Joshua Reynolds portrait of her beautiful great-great-grandmother. And in order to make it easier for him to see the painting she brought him Isabel's opera glasses, which the young debutante had left on the parlor table the night before in the excitement of finding a wounded man in the house, and which had never been removed. With these adjusted to his eyes Larry was able to study the portrait closely.

"Leaping lizards, what magnificent jewels the lady in the picture is wearing!" was his first comment. "Is she a queen perhaps?"

"She's my great-great-grandmother," said Sally.

"And are those emeralds and diamonds still treasured as heirlooms in your family?" he asked in great interest.

Sally had never thought of this before. "Why—I don't know," she answered with hesitation. "I never saw them. Maybe they are in a bank somewhere."

A grin crossed his face, which she did not see. When she glanced at him again he was very soberly studying the picture through the glasses.

"If I were you, I'd find out something about those jewels," he advised. "If they were once in the family, they must still be among your possessions. Ask your father and grandmother what's become of them. Looks like your debutante sister would want to wear the family gems."

"Oh, I'm sure those jewels don't belong to our family now," Sally said, recovering her good sense. "None of us are rich, and some of my uncles and aunts are really hard up. If we had any emeralds and diamonds like those, we'd be selling them and buying handsome homes and cars. I reckon maybe the jewels were sold during the Civil War and the money given to the Confederacy."

AGAIN that grin on his face which he hid from her. But his interest in the picture caused her to tell him about the motto—if motto it was!—in a strange foreign language which was scratched with a pin on the top of the gold frame. He was instantly alert.

"I'd like very much to see that!" he cried.

"You'll have to get well first and go stand on a chair beside the picture. You couldn't possibly see it through the glasses," she told him.

"No, I suppose I couldn't," he said, but he lifted the little mother-of-pearl telescope to his eyes again and tried hard to do so. The concentrated expression on his face reminded Sally of what her grandmother had said the



previous night about the picture being very valuable. She felt a little uneasy. This boy carried a heavy suspicion of having come to their house to rob the night before, and when he was well he might walk off with something or come again. It was risky to let him examine the Reynolds portrait so closely and grow so interested in it. She abruptly closed the folding doors.

"The portrait is valuable to us because it's a picture of an ancestress, but I don't suppose an art critic would give it a second

look," she said with a little shrug that was very badly done. Sally was no dissembler.

"Who painted the picture?" he questioned lightly, laying down the opera glasses. His show of carelessness was better done than hers.

"Oh, some dead and gone artist," Sally answered, trying to yawn. "Nobody you ever heard of, I dare say! If you don't like to play parchesi, how about a game of checkers?"

"Awfully kind of you to suggest it, but

I'm feeling drowsy and believe I'll take a nap. The doctor said I might run up a temperature if I exerted myself too much."

Sally agreed with him, pulled down the window shades and left him. But he did not go to sleep. As soon as her steps were heard ascending the stairs he got up, rather painfully, from his bed and went softly into the parlor and stood on a chair beside the Reynolds portrait. For a long time he studied with puzzled eyes the strange words scratched on the upper rim of the frame.

Curiosity, which was what had first animated him, grew into deep interest as he stood there. But at a noise overhead he got down hastily and returned to his bed with a throbbing shoulder and the conviction that he had done something very foolish and that his wound had opened again. But he had no intention of letting any of this family know what he had been doing, and when Houston, the house man, glanced in the door a little later he was presumably asleep.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"THANK God for a garden," Alice Stacy sang from the kitchen porch, where she was hanging up dishcloths to dry.

Grandpap Cummings straightened from stooping above the rank young rows of beans and stood listening.

"Ain't that the truth?" he said as he caught the words of his granddaughter's song. "I'd defy anybody," he thought, "to walk through a good, clean, thrifty garden and not go out a happier man."

His eyes, following the straight weedless rows, rested proudly on coarse-stemmed, wide-leaved cucumber vines, close, ruffly green lines of lettuce, and straight young corn, with its flowing silk tossed to the sun.

He looked a roly-poly Santa Claus as he stood there among the trim rows. Hale at seventy, with shrewd eyes, he had been for years the head and adviser of his widowed daughter's home.

Sarah came with her hoe through the gate behind him.

"I was just thinking," he said to her, "of the dimes and quarters that hang on these bushes and make them so pretty."

"Dimes and quarters!" she repeated jestingly. "Things don't have to have value to look pretty, to my notion."

"Sure not. But then I was always one to like things useful as well as ornamental. There's all the color in a squash flower that there is in a nasturtium, and besides there's the squash coming on."

His daughter shook her head. "Flowers are flowers, and I like them separate from my squashes."

"If everybody saw things alike, the world would be full of one-eyes, but I like to look ahead. Take the potato patch over yonder; it wouldn't be half so pretty if it wasn't making music with singing lessons for Alice and Alicia."

"Singing lessons?" She had less of her twin daughters' confidence than had their grandfather. "Is that what they've set their hearts on?"

Grandpap nodded, holding up a finger for silence as from the house there came drifting again a fragment of Alice's song, joined now by Alicia's higher trill.

"There are no two prettier voices," he declared, "and if singing school starts next week, I've made up my mind they're going to it."

"That's right," agreed Sarah Stacy, straightening from her hoeing. "If we can take off a load of early potatoes Monday, that'll start the girls in on their lessons. And if middling wet weather lasts us up into the summer and the pests don't get the potato patch, we'll have plenty to see them through."

Together father and daughter stepped across the abundant dew-wet rows to the potato patch. There Sarah, stooping to examine the thrifty vines, gave a cluck of dismay. For, clinging to the under side of the leaves as she turned them over, was a plump coral-colored parasite which Grandpap recognized as Colorado beetle, the bane of the potato grower.

Grandpap stooped beside his daughter for a glimpse at the menace and straightened at once, the glint of action in his eyes.

"We've got to bug 'em, Sarah, that's all there is about it," he announced. "Right after dinner we'll hustle out with the twins and make a short job of it."

Sarah nodded absently to her father's cheerful conclusion, but her thin face wore an unusual pucker.

"I've engaged to help Mrs. Colville with her spring cleaning this afternoon," she explained, "and I hate to fail her. I always feel that my word's as good as my bond, but if you and the girls can get out, Father, I'll pick up somebody on the road to Colville's and send him to help in my place."

"Go ahead, Sarah. Wouldn't have you fail a neighbor. Hands ought to be easy to get. Some one was telling me the new family that's moved in below has strapping big

## The Buggin'

By GERTRUDE WEST

Illustrated by ARTHUR DOVE



*"As to dreading to start at singing school," said the young man, "there's absolutely nothing to that." As he spoke he was selecting eight pink bugs from his can and placing them accurately upon the lines he had drawn in the dirt*

boys. I don't give a hoot whether they're friend or stranger, just so's they can bug."

Dinner was a bustling meal. The twins accepted the situation as a matter of course.

"Mr. Colville sprayed his potatoes with bug poison," Alice commented. "All he had to do was drive up and down the rows and hold a rubber hose."

"Yes, and a-sprayer costs money, and poison comes high," responded Grandpap cheerfully; "and two good hands were put on every one of this family to help them better themselves."

By the time Sarah set out for the neighbor's the other members of the family were already afield, each provided with an old tin can and a sharp little stick. Bending industriously to the long green rows, they scraped the fat pink insects from the leaves, to deposit them on the smudge of smoldering straw they had lighted at one end of the patch.

Sarah had been gone perhaps an hour and the "buggin'" was progressing steadily if a little slowly when Grandpap looked up to see a stranger advancing toward the potato patch.

"HERE comes the hand, girls," he called guardedly. "Well, he can cover considerable space at one step, but he will have a long way to stoop."

The young man who with some difficulty was untangling his long legs from the barbed wire fence which protected the garden was dressed a bit elaborately for a hired hand. Above his light shirt and dusty blue serge a thin, whimsical face, with wide comical mouth and twinkling eyes behind huge shell-rimmed glasses, displayed itself.

In spite of the clothes, the pleasant non-descript features and gawky length pleased Grandpap. "He looks biddable," he commented to himself as he nodded in friendly fashion to the young man.

"Mr. Cummings?" the visitor inquired. "Culpepper is my name. I was sent here by Mrs. Stacy."

"Yes," put in Grandpap briskly,—"a flicker of breeze had just shown to his thrifty eyes a puffy pink bug clinging to a sprawling plant, and he was anxious to be on with the good work,"—"Sarah said she'd send some-

body. You can see before you what you're expected to do."

The blue eyes behind the big glasses blinked and the young man started to speak, but Grandpap cut him short once more.

"It ain't much of a job, and it don't take brains—just plenty of pep," he stated briskly. "Here's your can, and here's your bug stick. You'd just as well take hold."

If the young man had at first intended to speak, he had changed his mind.

With a smile he threw aside his coat and, rolling up his sleeves, held out a hand for the tin can and the stick that Grandpap was offering.

"If it doesn't take brains," he said, "then I'm your man, and 'pep' is my middle name—the middle syllable of my name, to be accurate. Lead on."

Keeping discreetly close to the new hand so that he might not be tempted to "shirk on him," Grandpap found himself envying the young man's efficient manner of locomotion. Bent like a jackknife over his work, he went down the rows with a long straddling gait that was not swifter than his practiced eye; the pink bugs fairly beat a tattoo on the bottom of his tin can.

"You are a hustler," Grandpap said at last in kindly praise.

"Nature intended me to hustle," returned the young man with a glance down at his long legs. "I am built on that plan, but a pair of extra-good legs and a passable voice is the limit of her endowments. I sometimes fancy I was originally intended for a bull frog."

"A good voice ain't to be sneezed at," conceded Grandpap. "Do you mean you sing?"

"In summer time, yes. And in winter my other natural attribute serves me well. I'm endeavoring to wade through college."

"H'm," said Grandpap, vaguely impressed. "That's kind of funny."

"Yes," agreed the young man, "it is."

The warm May sun shone down on the potato patch and upon the backs of stooping workers. Alicia paused now and again to mop the perspiration from her pretty face, blow an expressive "wh-ue" between pursed red lips and declare it the hottest day of the season.

Grandpap bent rheumatically to his task, and Alice, moving lightly along the rows, was silent and pleasantly occupied with her own thoughts. After a time she began unconsciously to hum a little tune, which gradually increased in volume till she was singing aloud, if softly, to herself.

The hired man working near Grandpap pricked up his ears.

"The little girl has a sweet voice," he commented.

"That's so," Grandpap agreed. "That's one reason why we're so bound to save the potato crop. Singing school opens next week, and we want the twins to take."

Alicia, loitering near, her young ears alert, broke in at that.

"I'm just crazy to take," she declared, "but I dread the starting in. We don't know the first thing about notes, and I do hate to look green."

"Hi-ho," said the young man. He sat back on his heels, his tin can in one hand, the little wooden scraper in the other, and turned his wide, engaging grin upon Alicia. "Everything and everybody is green at some time in life. Look at these fine young potatoes—look at that corn over yonder—look at me."

Alicia giggled.

Alice, hearing the bantering voice, paused and glanced curiously back.

THE young man had stooped and with the aid of his "bug stick" was drawing some parallel lines in the soft black earth. "I took at singing school once myself," he was saying, "and as to dreading to start, there's positively nothing to that."

As he spoke, he was selecting eight plump pink bugs from his tin can and placing them accurately upon the lines he had drawn in the dirt and upon the intervening spaces.

"This"—he pointed out the parallel lines—"is a stairway going up, and this small family I have here"—he indicated the carefully stationed bugs—"are all dutiful children going to bed. When you have learned the children's names and their relative places on the staircase you will have mastered the first lesson in singing school. Allow me"—and he made a wide flourish—"to introduce to you my family in the order of their retirement." And in a surprisingly good tenor he sang slowly, indicating each insect in turn:

"Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do."

"Well, now!" gasped Grandpap. He sniggered appreciatively. "And you say that's all there is to singing lessons? You're joking."

"Fact, Mr. Cummings," returned the hired man. "Perhaps the majority of teachers don't illustrate in quite this way, but the principle is the same. All together now."

And, taking a careful pitch, the "hand" led off, followed by the lusty voices of the fifteen-year-old twins, warbling the major scale.

After that, the afternoon's bugging was suspended while the workers crowded round, studying and discussing the hired man's diagram.

"He's just dallying to make time," the old man thought and hustled both pupils and instructor back to work.

But already the young people had progressed rapidly in the acquaintance of the staircase family, and they kept vigilant watch upon it all the remainder of the afternoon.

"Sol is rolling off his step," Alicia would shriek, and then would ensue a hilarious poking to restore the delinquent to his proper place.

Or it would be Do who was unruly. With such digressions it was well on toward dusk before the "buggin'" was completed.

At last, however, the workers straightened their tired backs and looked with satisfaction back over the sturdy green rows. The enemy had been circumvented. Even Do, Re, Mi and the rest had at last been deposited upon the smoldering straw.

The hired man put on his coat. Grandpap thrust a hand into his pocket.



"The job's done and done well," he conceded genially. "To be sure, you've all dallied along considerable, but it's helped to pass over a tiresome job; so I've nothing more to say."

He held out some jingling change to the "hand."

"I'm payin' you for a full halfday," he stated magnanimously. "It's no more than right."

But the stranger shook his head and made no move to take the money.

"I feel myself well paid already," he answered. "I have no garden of my own."

And, standing there in the sweet-smelling dusk, before the startled little group, he lifted a wonderful mellow voice.

"Thank God for a garden," he sang.

Then, before the marveling audience could speak or move, he turned and went striding away across the fields.

"Well!" gasped Grandpap, staring wide-eyed after him. "If that ain't the looniest hired man ever I come up against!"

The little group on their preoccupied way to the house were still marveling and speculating when the creak of Sarah's wagon sounded at the gate and her crisp voice called out to them:

"How'd you make it by yourselves, Father, you and the girls? After I couldn't find a hand to send in my place, I figured on getting back in time to help you some with the bugging, but I couldn't get round any sooner."

Grandpap stared blankly at his daughter.

"Couldn't find a hand? Why, Sarah, then who was that 'loony' you sent here?"

"Why, I didn't send anybody—except that young Mr. Culpepper, the singing teacher that was getting signers for a term of singing lessons. I told him to come up and see you, Grandpap, about signing up for the kids."

Grandpap gazed at his daughter and at the stricken twins.

"Oh, Grandpap," breathed Alice, "what have you done?"

Then Grandpap abruptly recovered his serenity. "Nothing out of the road that I can see. His work was a free-will offering, and he got a good bit of fun out of it, as far as I noticed. And a body that has no garden might count it a privilege, nothing less, to work a spell in a trim neat patch like ours. I guess the afternoon hasn't been wasted—for any of us."

## "My Daughter and I"

By Mothers

(Announcement of Prize-winning Letter in the Final Division of the Family Contest)

IN these modern days of the emancipation of women, mothers and daughters are closer in spirit and in daily life than they have ever been before.

Out of a pile of more than a hundred letters from mothers telling of their beautiful relationship with their daughters, the Editors have decided to award First Prize, a check for \$10.00, to Mrs. J. P. Berkeley of Newton Centre, Mass., for her significant and thought-provoking letter about the problems of a modern mother and her daughter.

In her letter Mrs. Berkeley says: "I think the keynote of our very happy family life is Consideration. And consideration brings coöperation. 'Why, everybody in this family works,' said a recent guest in our home, 'and they don't seem to realize it.'" In that brief sentence alone, Mrs. Berkeley has hit upon one of the secrets that tie every happy family together and make a daughter her mother's best friend.

Another most interesting letter was that written by Mrs. Roy Bedichek, of Austin, Tex. She begins her letter: "This daughter of mine is nearly fourteen; that is to say, she can wear my hose and shoes; speaks of parties as 'dances'; finds her nine-year-old brother unendurable at times; struggles with algebra and Caesar; reads everything I put in her way, from 'Vanity Fair' to fairy tales; yearns for foreign travel; wants to be a movie actress, a ballet dancer, a librarian or a writer of short stories; wants to know if a 'permanent' is terribly expensive." Mothers of The Youth's Companion, doesn't this beginning ring true? Don't you recognize your own daughter a little in some of these phrases?

We also wish to mention for their special merit the letters of Mrs. Lillian Russell of Manchester, N. H., Mrs. J. Wells Weaver of Highland, N. Y., Mrs. S. A. Chastain, of Abilene, Kan., and Margaret Steel Hard, of Manchester, Vt.

This ends the contest, and a great contest it has been, not only for our kind contributors and readers, but also for us editors, some of whom have children of our own, all of whom are deeply interested in the joys and tumults of the Modern Generation, and of their parents, who are their best friends in the whole world.

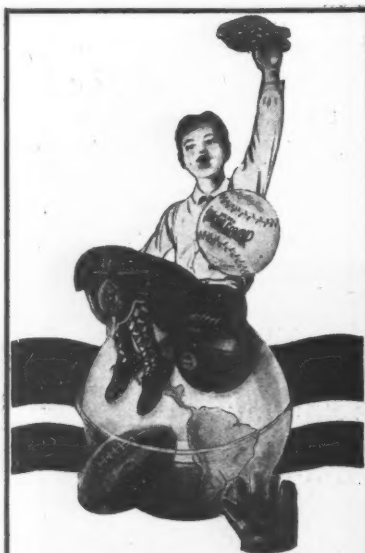


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### A Homemade Tripod

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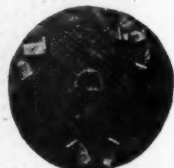


placed about 3 in. apart. The photograph will show the layout.

In the center of the tripod bore a 1/4-in. hole. The universal camera screw and socket is 1/4-in. standard thread. A wing bolt of this size about 1 in. long is just the thing. To give rigidity to the top, set in a small brass plate on the under side, against which the wing bolt can be tightened. This can be a round piece of sheet brass about as big as a half-dollar. Attach this with three small wood screws, first drilling a generous 3/4-in. hole in the center. Finish the top by gluing on a piece of broadcloth or felt.

The bottom ends of the three lower legs should be fitted with sharp spikes to keep the tripod from slipping. Nails driven in, clipped off and filed sharp are all right. The tripod is set up, of course, by sliding the center leg down and setting it with set screw in the tube. The upper legs are squeezed in until the angle wires can be inserted into the holes in the angle irons. Finish the dowels in shellac. The whole tripod is made more attractive if all brass parts are buffed and polished.

HARRY I. SHUMWAY  
Governor-in-Charge,  
Y. C. Experimental Laboratory,  
Wollaston, Mass.



The tripod head and angle irons

## The ALDEN BROOKS COMPANION BOAT, BUCCANEER

The summer drive is now well under way. After a winter of quiescence in nautical affairs, the Membership of the Lab has turned again to naval architecture. The keel of a Buccaneer is going down at the moment in many a backyard shipyard.

Buccaneer was introduced to the Lab Membership for the first time on July 15, 1926, shortly after Mr. John G. Alden, illustrious naval architect, had drawn up the plans for this finest of small craft. Since that time 148 Buccaneers have been constructed in the states of the Union, in Canada and elsewhere. Activity is now reaching a peak not before witnessed. Write to the Director if you need information as to how to build your own.

The naval constructor will surely be interested in reading some reference works. Mr. J. W. Streeter, of Andover, Mass., has compiled for the Lab the first complete bibliography on small boat sailing and racing. We recommend these books to all Members interested in sailing. If you wish to purchase any of the books below, you may do so through the Secretary of the Y. C. Lab, remitting the book-seller's price indicated. Here is the list.

**BOAT SAILING FOR BEGINNERS**, by Ranken.  
Rudder Publishing Co., 9 Murray St., New York City: Price \$1.00.

As its title explains, this book is for the man or boy with little or no previous experience. It teaches him the fundamentals and carries him forward in easy steps to a complete mastery of a small boat. The instructions are applicable to a sailing skiff such as the Buccaneer, and it is recommended to those who will sail for the first time in that boat.

**THE SAILBOAT MANUAL**, by White.  
Rudder Publishing Co., 9 Murray St., New York City: Price \$1.25.

This is the most recent book on the general subject of boats and their handling. The chapters on sailing are clear and easily understood, so that anyone with a knowledge of the first principles can use it to advantage. It has the virtue of dealing exclusively with American yachts and conditions.

**SAILING**, by Knight.  
Rudder Publishing Co., 9 Murray St., New York City: Price \$1.00.

The author of Sailing has had a very wide experience in all types of boats, and he deals with many subjects besides actual sailing. Different rigs, the weather, piloting and many other things are discussed in clear language.



The hold which the A. B. C. boat Buccaneer has taken on the imagination of every boy is shown by these two photographs. To the left is Buccaneer No. 2, farthest north so far as A. B. C. craft. It was built among the pines of North Hatley, Quebec, by L. H. Taylor. Above is Buccaneer No. 11, built among the palms of New Smyrna, Florida, by the Indian River School, William A. Buell, headmaster.

## Proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab

**MAY 11:** We covered every countersunk screw head in the Heath Waterplane speed boat with Plastic Wood, a preparation like putty which contains wood and dries hard. After this is sandpapered down it will leave a nice surface to varnish. Filled the seams with white lead.

**MAY 12:** Made an oval block to mount the deck cleat on. A large job of sandpapering: the whole boat had to get it. Glad it wasn't the Leviathan. Tomorrow comes the varnishing. We have bought a special grade for salt water, storm and rain, called Elastic Varnish. Dries slowly, but good varnish has that trait. We're going to mix a bit of mahogany varnish stain in it to make it look like a light mahogany finish.

**MAY 13:** Made the floor rack for the boat. Cut an ornament for the front of the bow stem. We did no varnishing on the hull today because of the low temperature. We did, however, put one coat on the bottom so that it could dry before we turned it over.

**MAY 14:** Cleaned out all the sawdust and small shavings with a vacuum cleaner. A boat has to be clean before the varnish goes on. We took the boat out in the sunshine and began the varnishing. The first coat sinks into the wood, but it promises to look well.

**MAY 16:** The dashboard wasn't quite to our liking, so we cut a new piece of beautifully grained cypress to go over it, mounting it with large oval-head brass screws. Too cold to varnish. The Caille motor came today. It is a twin-cylinder and a beauty—opened the box for a peek at it but didn't take it out.

**MAY 17:** Fitted the Caille motor in the boat today and started it. What speed! Too bad she wasn't in the water, but we have to wait until we have more varnish on the hull and deck. Put on the second coat today. The shade we have worked out with the color in the varnish is very attractive.

The Lab Coupon for this week will be found on the opposite page

**PRACTICAL BOAT SAILING**, by Frazar.  
Rudder Publishing Co., 9 Murray St., New York City: Price \$1.00.

This book is a simple treatise on the management of small boats and yachts under all conditions, and is well adapted to the needs of the layman.

**SMALL BOAT SAILING**, by Knight.  
Yachting, Inc., 25 W. 43d St., New York City: Price \$2.50.

For a number of years this English book has been considered one of the standard works on sailing. It is not confined to the handling of small yachts, but also covers fitting out and cruising.

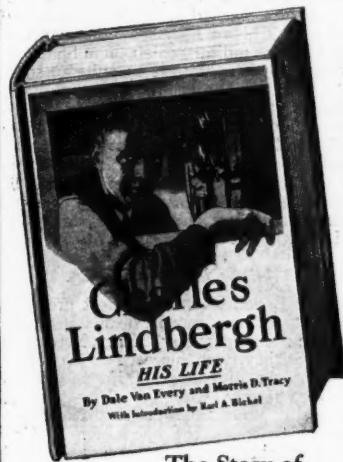
**THE COMPLETE YACHTSMAN**, by Hechtstahl-Smith.  
Yachting, Inc., 25 W. 43d St., New York City: Price \$8.00.

The above books are more particularly concerned with the sailing, rigging and care of boats, while this book treats every phase of the sport. A man may call himself a sailor when he can sail with moderate skill, but a real yachtsman must know more. "The Complete Yachtsman" is the most comprehensive and authoritative epitome of the subject.

**HANDBOOK ON AMERICAN YACHT-RACING RULES**.

Yachting, Inc., New York City: Price \$2.00.  
When a man turns to racing, the most fascinating form of sailing, he is often dismayed by the array of rules he meets. The Handbook is an explanation of the meaning and application of each rule.





The Story of

## America's Glorious Adventurer

ALL the world thrills to the exploit of the young American who, single-handed and in the spirit of true adventure, dared the crossing of the Atlantic by aeroplane from New York to Paris. An unprecedented wave of popular interest in the hero has swept the nation. Kings have decorated Charles Lindbergh, yet his modesty and attractive personality have seemed in no way spoiled.

The N. Y. TIMES says:—"If the youthful aviator won unstinted admiration by his daring, he conquered every mind and heart by his demeanor. It would have been so easy for him to spoil his wonderful feat by braggadocio, by stupid talk, by disregard of the finer courtesies. But young LINDBERGH was guarded through every peril of that kind by his instinctive sense of the right and delicate, tactful and manly thing to do."

It is not too much to say that most Americans watched him during those first days of his in Europe with a kind of trembling anxiety. They feared some slip, some awkwardness, some boorishness. But soon they began to see that this young man had perfect taste as well as perfect poise. And it is really to the high qualities of character which he has displayed that the tribute of his countrymen will be paid."

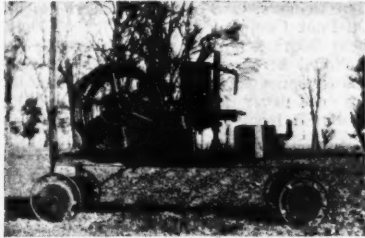
Many ask the question why Charles Lindbergh seems thus to typify so admirably the best of American manhood. This book, "Charles Lindbergh: His Life," answers the question. In most readable fashion the authors tell the life story of the man who flew the Atlantic. An interesting introduction has been written by Karl A. Bickel, President of the United Press Associations. Twenty full-page illustrations.

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## 84th Weekly \$5 Award



A **HOMEMADE** tractor is no insignificant piece of mechanical-engineering construction. Few things are more useful on a farm, but unhappily the price of equipment often makes purchase impossible unless some ingenious person tackles and subdues the difficulty of homemade construction.

Member Samuel W. Dinwiddie (15) of Sinclair, Illinois, had a stationary gasoline engine. He likewise had four lawn-mower wheels. Such a combination would have done Member Dinwiddie little good unless he had been sufficiently ingenious to see how he might combine his materials. The result is shown in the excellent picture above—a neat and workmanlike construction. He reports:

"The bed or body of the truck is made from two 2x4's 4 ft. 3 in. long. At the front of the long 2x4's is bolted a 12-in. 2x4. This holds the long 2x4's 4 in. apart. At the rear are three 2x4's, 17 in. long, bolted to the long 2x4's by two long bolts. At the bottom of the three 2x4's is a piece of Ford drive shaft, 23 in. long. The axle extends 3 in. past the 17 in. 2x4's on each side. The front axle is made from a 2x4 17 in. long, tapered at both ends. To this piece is bolted a gas pipe 23 in. long. The wheels are old lawn-mower wheels. The tongue is also an old lawn-mower handle. The wheels are held on by small holes in the end of each shaft. The bolts are all handmade with tap and dies."

## Special Award

MEMBER Bruce Smith is the aeronautical engineer responsible for the airplane pictured below. "The picture makes it look like a real machine in flight," says Member Smith, with commendable integrity, "but if you look closely you can see the wires which hold it in the air." The wires are sufficiently hard to see in the photograph below, so that the illusion of flight is complete. Member Smith's plane is 25 in. from tip to tip.



## A Diversity of Features

COUNT the features of this issue: Information about Buccaneer, the famous ABC sailing and motor craft, designed by John G. Alden, illustrious naval architect; information for the amateur photographer about how to build his own tripod; an award to a skillful farm boy who has built a farm tractor with his own hands; an award to a Member for a neat piece of aeronautical model construction; and, as usual, the running narrative of what the Experimental Lab at Wollaston is turning out day by day. The Lab spreads its activities wide but never thin. Nothing which interests boys escapes its notice; small wonder that it is the most powerful association of young engineers and scientists in the world. Whatever your interest is, you may be sure that some one else in the Lab, whether Member, Governor or Councilor, has a similar one. You can benefit by learning what they think about questions which interest you, how they would suggest tackling some knotty problem that puzzles you. They will answer any inquiry from a Lab Member or Associate, free. Then, too, there is always the possibility that a much needed tool or piece of sports or laboratory equipment may be purchased from the welcome award which always follows a good project.

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Street, Boston, Mass.

### FACT AND COMMENT

IT is wisdom to keep your own secrets; it is folly to expect anyone else to do so.

"EVERY MAN to his own trade." When Charles Lindbergh saw the English Derby race his comment was, "What a scramble! I should have been scared on one of those horses. Give me the loneliness of the Atlantic!"

HOW MANY KINDS OF TREES do you suppose there are in the United States? The list as prepared by the National Forest Service will probably surprise you, for it contains the names of 862 distinct species, besides 315 hybrids or varieties that do not count as separate species. No less than 182 are commercially useful for their timber, bark or gum.

MOST OF US think of the radio as a source of recreation or pleasure or information for ourselves. How many of us think what it may mean to some one less fortunate? An old lady in New York,—"and lady is the right word,—who was formerly well-to-do but is now poor and a "shut-in," received a set as a present just before Christmas. An employee of the donor installed it for her. The first sound she heard was the notes of a violin solo, with an accompaniment. "It is the first music I have heard in years," she said, when it was ended. She had neither been physically able to go to a concert nor financially able to pay for a ticket. Marconi's greatest rewards are not in money.

### GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA

SOMEONE has defined war as only the final and disastrous stage in the economic or political competition that is always going on among the nations of the world. According to this view, nations are often making war on one another even while they are carrying on peaceful commercial and diplomatic relations in the usual fashion.

A contemporary example that illustrates this theory of war and peace is afforded by Great Britain and Russia. It is now several years since the MacDonald ministry recognized the soviet government and entered into regularly authorized trade agreements with Russia. Now the British government has terminated those agreements and sent all the official representatives of Moscow out of England. Mr. Rykov, the Russian Premier, says that Great Britain has thereby taken the first step in the direction of war. The British view is that Russia has been secretly and treacherously making war on Great Britain ever since the diplomatic and commercial relations were begun. The recent police raid on the Russian trade headquarters in London produced evidence that those offices had been used to conduct continual propaganda against the British government among the British working people and to distribute money to every group that seemed to the Russians likely to work hopefully against the present social and political system of Great Britain. It is also well known that Russian influences are at work both in China and in India to break down British prestige and to stir up hostility to the British among the people of those great countries. In effect this is making war under the color of peace, and we cannot be surprised that Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues have decided that, if Russia means to act in this

way, she should not expect to have privileged representatives stationed in the capital of the British Empire.

The break between the two nations will have little immediate effect. Neither Russia nor Great Britain desires, or is indeed able, to proceed to actual war, and while they wait fundamentally hostile, but outwardly pacific, changes may occur in the conditions of one or both countries that will make friendly relations again possible. But, on the other hand, the break may lead to momentous consequences. The other nations of Western Europe may decide to follow the British example and to express their resentment against the thinly veiled hostility of the Communist state to all of them by isolating Russia even more than is at present the case. Germany, if it thinks it would pay to do so, may draw more closely to Russia and lay the foundation for a political combination against Great Britain, Italy, France and Poland. In Russia itself the situation may cause the government to lose patience with the Communist International, which is the organization chiefly responsible for the tireless propaganda against all other existing governments. In that case Russia might move farther from militant Communism and toward a basis of friendly intercourse with the other European states. No one knows which of these possibilities will come to pass. But in the meantime we must recognize that Great Britain and Russia, at least, are enemies, and that they will remain so as long as the ideal of a world revolution is cherished in Russia, though circumstances make it probable that their enmity will long be expressed in plot and counterplot, rather than in armed hostilities.

### WATER WINGS

DO you know how to swim? Can you keep afloat when you are over your head? There is a contrivance made to help small children and other beginners in the art of swimming, called water wings. These water wings give the young swimmer just enough support to keep his head safely above the water; and as long as he wears them he can splash about with some confidence that he is not in danger of sinking below the surface.

As young men and women get along in business, they often find themselves "over their heads." They can keep going only so long as they have instruction and help. But they lose their heads and begin to sink if they come to a situation that is not covered by instructions. They are like the water-wing swimmer when he finds himself in deep water—without his water wings.

Swimmers who never learn to outgrow their water wings keep very near the shore, and near help. They are afraid to rely on their own strength to pull them through the depths to the goal on the other side of the stream. There are some men and women in the world of affairs who are equally timorous. They never get far away from their starting place.

If you are going to depend on water wings all your life, never venture in deep water, where the big responsibilities and big rewards are found. Water wings are all right for beginners. Ambitious people must soon stop relying upon them and learn to swim.

### AN EXTRA HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE

THE two remarkable transatlantic flights of Lindbergh and Chamberlin have set the whole world afire with enthusiasm for flying. Politics, sport and crime have all been crowded off the first pages of the newspapers. A clean wind of adventure and romance blows through the press, and men and women lay down their newspapers—after devouring the columns about the exploits of the new heroes—to discuss with animation the future of aviation and the personalities of the men who are renewing our faith in the dauntless courage and the infinite resource of the human spirit. We are all of us the better for having our thoughts occupied with such men and such deeds.

To listen to the plans of the enthusiasts and the complacent acceptance of them by the multitude, one would imagine that the conquest of the ocean and the weather was complete, and that commercial navigation of the air on reliable schedules was just around the corner. Mr. Bellanca, who designed the Chamberlin plane, is reported to be organizing a line of multi-motored airplanes which he says will carry forty passengers across the ocean in thirty-six hours in perfect safety. We even hear mysterious rumors of a carefully guarded secret

design for constructing giant planes that will carry two or three times that number of passengers. One of the engineers of the Du Pont Company has plans for building great floating airdromes which are to be anchored here and there in mid-ocean so that airplanes can descend to refuel or repair, and need never be further than a few hundred miles from a safe refuge. Some of these dreams—perhaps all of them—may see realization in the future; the world is in a mood just now to have a childlike faith in anything the airmen promise us.

But what Lindbergh and Chamberlin have proved is that a properly built airplane with the right kind of motor can fly across the Atlantic if the weather is not too bad. Nungesser and Gali did not get across, perhaps because their motor was inferior, perhaps because the weather was too bad. And two other aviators, who hoped to fly to Paris, Americans both, never left the ground at all, but were killed by the crash of a plane that was not strong enough to bear its load. Flying is not yet "reasonably safe," whatever it may yet become.

Orville Wright, who knows as much about airplanes as anyone, says that a passenger service is still a long way off, and that Lindbergh and Chamberlin took, and won, the one chance in five. Before you can cross the ocean safely, you must get far enough above the water to avoid cloud and fog. At such altitudes you cannot see the water or tell exactly what direction you are taking. Until some one invents an instrument that will show how much and in which direction a plane is drifting with the wind, transatlantic flying will be an extra hazardous adventure.

So says Mr. Wright, and he is obviously right. If flying 3000 or 4000 miles across the ocean were not an extra hazardous adventure, and likely to remain so for a long time, we should not now be making so much noise in celebrating what Colonel Lindbergh and Mr. Chamberlin have done.

## THIS BUSINESS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

### ANOTHER GREAT FLIGHT

WHILE the world was still marveling at Lindbergh's remarkable flight from New York to Paris, another American pilot made an even longer nonstop journey through the air. This was Clarence D. Chamberlin, who already held the world's record for remaining aloft for the greatest length of time. Chamberlin, flying in a Bellanca plane with a Wright engine, and accompanied by a passenger, Mr. Charles A. Levine, who had furnished the money for the undertaking, left Roosevelt Field at dawn on June 4, with his destination a secret. It subsequently appeared that he meant to reach Berlin if possible. The Bellanca plane crossed the ocean successfully, and did penetrate far into Germany, but the exhaustion of his fuel obliged Chamberlin to descend near Eisleben, the birthplace of Martin Luther, after forty-three hours in the air. He took off again, but propeller trouble forced him down again at Kottbus, 70 miles from Berlin. After repairs to his plane had been made he went on again to the German capital, where he was received with enthusiasm. His voyage from New York to Eisleben was 3905 miles, 300 more than Lindbergh made, and it is at present the longest single flight ever made.

### THE HERO RETURNS

COLONEL Lindbergh himself, returning to the United States on the U. S. cruiser Memphis, was received by President Coolidge—and by an enormous throng of his fellow citizens—at Washington on June 11th. The Distinguished Flying Cross was presented to him by the President, and for a day at least Washington forgot all about politics and government and went wild over the young aviator. Later Lindbergh went to New York, where he was again received with every distinction by the city authorities and idolized by tremendous crowds of people.

### THE PICTURE GROWS FAMILIAR

THE course of the Chinese revolution seems to be taking the familiar path of intrigue again. The only new thing about the situation is the apparent diminution of Chang Tso-lin, the old dictator of Manchuria, who has long been the most important and powerful figure in Northern China.

He seems to be giving place to Yang Yu-ting, who has been his chief lieutenant, and it is reputed from Shanghai that Yang Yu-ting has already reached some kind of composition with Chiang Kai-shek and with General Yen, the military chieftain of Shansi, by virtue of which they are to unite to stamp out Communism and the Russian influence throughout China. The report says that the new alliance will subscribe to the national policy and the famous three principles of the dead reformer Sun Yat-sen, but will have no use for Communism in any form. We must wait and see. Meanwhile two thousand American soldiers and marines under Gen. S. D. Butler, have reached Tientsin.

### UNEASY ROUMANIA

PALACE politics at Bucharest are given credit for the recent dismissal of the Averescu ministry by King Ferdinand. Baron Stirbey, who succeeds as premier, is the nominee of Queen Marie and of the Bratiano family, who have long been influential in Roumanian politics. The change appears to mean the succession of little Prince Michael under a regency of which Queen Marie will be the leader whenever King Ferdinand dies. It destroys any chance for the return of Michael's father, Prince Carol, who has once renounced his rights to the throne, and indicates a reversal of the recent policy of close friendship with Italy, which Premier Averescu had inaugurated.

### A STUBBORN EXPLORER

WHILE we have been cheering for Lindbergh and Chamberlin, Capt. George H. Wilkins, up in Alaska, has been obstinately struggling against every sort of discouragement to carry out his long-dreamed-of exploration of the unvisited ice-fields that lie between Alaska and the Pole by air plane. He and his assistant, Lieutenant Eielson, got a few hundred miles from Point Barrow, but were forced down by bad weather and had to make a long, perilous and exhausting return over the ice floes. He is still waiting and hoping for another chance, though the best season for flying is over for this year. This is the second year of Wilkins's dogged struggle with the stormy and frozen North.

### TAKING UP BRIAND'S OFFER

ALTHOUGH the remarkable offer of M. Briand, the Premier of France, to negotiate with the United States a treaty binding both nations not to go to war with each other, whatever the provocation, has not aroused the response that was to have been expected, some earnest friends of peace are at work. Two suggested drafts for such a treaty have been made, one by Professors Shotwell and Chamberlain of Columbia University and one by the American Foundation, which has the oversight of the Bok Peace Award. It is reported that M. Briand has informed our State Department officially of his readiness to negotiate such a treaty of peace.

### MISCELLANY

#### Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

July 9, 1776.

King George's Statue Pulled Down

THE Declaration took New York by storm; The people found the message so exciting That down they pulled King George's leaden form

And melted it to musket-balls for fighting.  
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

### LARGER THOUGHTS OF GOD

The Companion's Religious Article

IT is no disparagement of older creeds and theologies to say that our present knowledge of the magnitude of the universe calls



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for definitions of God far larger than could possibly have been formulated in the minds of men who thought of the universe in terms of brief time and small measurements. If the distance to some of the nearer fixed stars be assumed as a matter of perhaps fifty thousand light years, with light traveling at the velocity of 186,000 miles a second, we shall have need to expand, far beyond the range of the human imagination, the cosmos in time and space as well as in ethical purpose.

The purpose of the second commandment is to forbid the worship of a static God. The noblest conception of any sculptor may soon prove inadequate. Stone and bronze will not grow with the mind of man, and the mind must not be limited by the handicraft of the sculptor.

But it is as clearly possible to make a graven image out of words as out of wood; out of logic as well as out of a log; out of definitions as well as out of dirt. Definitions we must have, and sculpture we ought to have; but a fixed and unchangeable God, cribbed, cabined and confined within our art or our syllogisms, we must not have.

More and more we turn with respect and admiration to the truths which Saint Paul expressed at Athens. Quoting from a heathen poet, Aratus, who had said of Jove, "For we are also his offspring," and pausing not for an instant to quibble over the name by which the poet or his nation called God, Paul assumed that he and Aratus were speaking of the same God, and that Aratus was right in his affirmation that "we are also his offspring." Paul added, "Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think"—a great many things which many good people do think about God.

Especially, Saint Paul said, we ought to think that God is like the best that is in us. We ought not to suppose that God is in anything inferior to our own noblest purposes, highest aspirations and worthiest resolutions. This would appear a very simple affirmation, but people have not always believed in a God as good as they themselves were at heart. All that is best in us is a dim reflection of something of the same kind, but far nobler in quality and extent, that lives eternal in the heart of God.

### ADVICE FROM A NEPHEW

"YOUR Sister Anne has been very bad for a week by-past with a cold which she got after the misels," wrote a Scotch school-boy of a century and a half ago, in one of a pair of amusing letters of old-time youngsters published in a recent book by their distinguished countryman, Mr. William Routhead. "Misels" looks quaint enough; still, a boy of our own time and country might transform measles into something equally queer, if he were not a good speller. It is the other letter which could only have been written long ago and far away, and scarcely outside of Scotland. It is from a very young nephew to a comparatively youthful uncle. A canny and precocious youth was Nephew George!

"As you are about to quit your father's," advises this surprising youngster, "I am of opinion that a helpmeet would be very requisite. There is one Miss Gardner at Coupar which I would recommend to your view, as she is possessed of a good fortune and no small share of Beauty, and other accomplishments due to her sex. And I doubt not but you might prove agreeable to her; at least her Distinction or Extraction is not so great but you might make your addresses to her with safety. Take this into your consideration, and by giving my kind compts to all the family without exception you will much oblige, Dear Uncle, your affectionate Nephew, Geo. Murray."

Whether or no the advice was taken, and what, if it was, the lady had to say upon the subject is not recorded.

### THE BELL OF THE S-51

LANDSMEN may not be generally aware of the intense rivalry among deep-sea divers for possession of the signal bell of a sunken craft. In the case of the bell of the S-51, says the Compressed Air Magazine, a most unusual game of submarine hide and seek was played by the divers engaged on the job.

"It became a matter of personal pride with some of us to keep the bell out of the way of the remainder of the men," says Chief Torpedoman Smith. "Today the bell would be in a given spot; tomorrow some enterprising diver, happening upon its hiding-place, stowed it away in an entirely new place, from which it was salvaged by a

third party. As the original 'thief' of the bell, I was often hard pressed to keep one guess ahead of the others in discovering new hiding-places.

"The day came when I deemed it wisest to attempt to bring the much-sought-after bell to the surface. I had hidden it for two or three days in the engine room, a place frequented by few; but those few were my most formidable competitors. The trail was becoming decidedly hot.

"In deep-sea diving two divers usually work together at each place of operation. It so happened that that morning I was working with Eadie, a veteran under-sea man. We were engaged upon a risky and ticklish bit of work in the engine room. Having completed the job, we were about to ascend, when I decided that it was a propitious moment for salvaging the treasure. Accordingly, I brought out the bell from its hiding-place and passed it up through the engine room hatch to the mystified Eadie, who had not in the least grasped the significance of my antics.

"With the bell once safely on the deck of the submarine, I explained the situation to Eadie by means of signs, and he fastened the heavy bell to my diving belt. This done, both of us signaled to be taken up with our long desired loot, the ship's bell of the lost S-51."

### WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

THIS list of questions is not so hard as some have been. Seventy-five is a pretty good score. Some of you will do better than that.

1. Who wrote "Masterman Ready"?
2. What is the national emblem of Ireland?
3. What do the three lights, red, yellow and green, signify when shown in railway signals?
4. What American battleship was blown up in Havana harbor just previous to our war with Spain in 1898?
5. In what game is the word "love" used to indicate "no score"?
6. Who was Florence Nightingale?
7. What letter of the alphabet stands for noon?
8. What are raisins?
9. What composer wrote music of high merit at six years of age?
10. What famous city was built on seven hills?
11. What does ivory come from?
12. Where did the Prince Albert coat get its name?
13. What is the name for a young swan?
14. What does A.B. mean following the name of a college graduate? What following the name of a sailor?
15. Which compass point is nearer the north—north-north-east or east-north-east?
16. Who was the judge who heard the charges against Jesus which led to his crucifixion?
17. Which is the largest body of fresh water in the world?
18. Who is the President of the German Republic?
19. What was the name of Colonel Lindbergh's plane, in which he flew to Paris?
20. What occupation did both George Washington and Abraham Lincoln follow for a time in their youth?

(Answers to questions are on page 467)

### WHEN HE LOOKED LIKE A HEN

"THAT sailor over there reminds me of a hen covering a bunch of chickens." "I suppose you mean the one brooding over there by the companionway." "Oh, no; I mean the one sitting on the hatch."

—World's Best Humor.

### THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

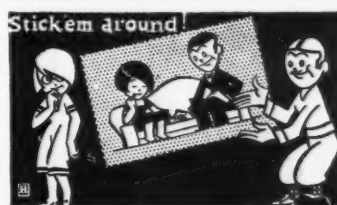
"MR. WU," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's exquisitely composed and photographed study of a high-caste Chinese gentleman, who uncompromisingly accepts the tremendous sacrifice his code of honor involves, is too intense and terrible in theme for juvenile audiences. Adults, however, will learn from it much of Oriental traditions and philosophy. Lon Chaney is the Chinaman, and Renée Adoree, his little daughter.

Other good pictures this week are:

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE RIBBON LIST

**Closed Gates**—Sterling Productions  
An unusual story in which a sainted woman's memory works miracles in hearts long embittered and lives made desolate by suffering. Jane Novak, John Harron

**Heaven on Earth**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Another World War romance, in which a Romany gypsy faces a firing squad to save the man she loves. Renée Adoree, Conrad Nagel



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YOU can have loads of fun with Peppie Pastors. Stick them around on things! Make your friends laugh! Send them letters with the funny Peppie Pastors—the newest fad.

Just the thing for memory books, snapshot albums, masquerade costumes. Seal your letters and packages. These comic stickers are perforated and gummed like a sheet of postage stamps.

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105 funny little cartoons, no two alike, by a famous artist for only a dime! Get them from your dealer. If he can't supply you, put 10c, coin or stamps, and your name and address in an envelope for each one of the series you want. There are three different series (A.B.C.), each with 105 different stamps. Make a collection. Mail to White and Wyckoff Mfg. Co., Dept. BB-1, Holyoke, Mass. You will have a hundred dollars worth of fun.

WHITE & WYCKOFF MFG. CO.  
Dept. BB-1, Holyoke, Mass.

I want Peppie Pastors and I want 'em quick. Enclosed is a dime for 105 of them. My dealer hasn't them yet.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....  
Dealer's Name .....

### Safeguarding our Clients'

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REALIZING the investor of today requires a fair return from his securities this House endeavors to procure as high a rate of interest, on the bonds it offers, as monetary conditions and our long experience in the First Mortgage field recommends as justifiable.

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Kindly send Booklet and information regarding  
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ADDRESS .....



## The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join Now!

*Cooks: Win Fame and Valuable Prizes  
With Your Favorite Tested Recipes*



HERE is the long-awaited opportunity to share your pet recipes with the thousands of other girls who are your sister-members of the G. Y. C.,—6426 strong as this goes to press,—and who read, as you do, each week, the G. Y. C. page in The Youth's Companion.

### Why a Cooking Contest?

Because I have discovered in all the lists of enterprises you write me you are especially interested in that cooking and sewing are mentioned many times oftener than any others. As some of you will remember, the sewing enthusiasts had their fun last summer when the greatest contest ever held, to date, took place—The Youth's Companion Fashion Fête, in which thousands of girls entered dresses that they had made themselves.

Now it is the cooks' turn to show what they can do. Let's beat all previous records and have this the most thrilling contest and the largest, too, that the G. Y. C. and The Youth's Companion have ever had!

### "Recipes for G. Y. C. Cooks"

One of the results of the Cooking Contest is to be the G. Y. C. Cookbook, which will be compiled with the aid of our G. Y. C. Expert Adviser, Miss Ula M. Dow, head of the Foods Division in the department of Home Economics at Simmons College. Think of what it will mean to have our very own little G. Y. C. Cookbook, filled to overflowing with recipes that G. Y. C. Members have sent in as the "very best ever"!

### Don't Forget the Baking Powder

Or anything else! Please read the Cooking Contest rules very carefully. I can't tell you often enough how extremely important this is—one small error in your entry may make a difference with the Judges that will prevent your winning a prize or a place in the book.

If you want separate copies of the rules for yourself, your friends, your Branch Club, I shall be glad to send them to you on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope. I can't tell you how keen I am to see you win a prize and a place in the book!

*Hazel Grey*

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.



Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achievements

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

## The G. Y. C. Cooking Contest—for All Members of the G. Y. C.

(If you are not a Member, join today by mailing me the little Keystone Blank in the lower left-hand corner of this page)

Senior Division—Ages 16 through 21, inclusive  
Junior Division—Ages 10 through 15, inclusive

### The G. Y. C. Cooking Contest Rules

#### SEND IN YOUR RECIPES:

Before midnight September 1, 1927.

#### SEND YOUR RECIPES TO:

The G. Y. C. Cooking Contest  
8 Arlington Street  
Boston, Mass.

#### NO RECIPES WILL BE RETURNED: SO PLEASE KEEP YOUR OWN COPIES.

#### EACH CONTESTANT IS LIMITED TO TWO RECIPES!

Under no circumstances send more than two—your recipes may be in the same or in different food divisions.



#### HOW TO ARRANGE YOUR RECIPES FOR THE JUDGES:

Write on one side of the paper only in ink or on the typewriter. If you submit two recipes, write each one on a separate sheet. Attach your snapshot to your entry, if you are still a Corresponding Member at the time you enter the contest. Enclose no correspondence with your entry. If you do, it will have to be ruled out and classed as correspondence only.

(Arrange each recipe like this)

(Upper left-hand corner)

Name.....  
Age.....  
Address.....

(Upper right-hand corner)

Food Division.....  
Date on which you last tested this recipe.....

(In center of your page)

1. Title of recipe:
2. Ingredients:
3. Method of preparation:
4. Time used in preparation:
5. Utensils used in preparation:
6. Number of people this recipe served:
7. State source of recipe if it is not original with you:

## PRIZES!

### SENIOR DIVISION

- First Prize—An 1847 "Pieces of Eight" Silverware Set in an antique Spanish-treasure chest  
Second Prize—A Waffle Set  
Third Prize—An Anchor Brand Set of Kitchen Knives  
Fourth Prize—A Set of Pyrex Baking Cups

### JUNIOR DIVISION

- First Prize—An Alaska Ice Cream Freezer with Electric-motor Attachment  
Second Prize—A Gilbert Bell Hop Clock  
Third Prize—A Blue Line Kitchen Set  
Fourth Prize—A Recipe Index Cabinet

## AND HUNDREDS OF PUBLICATION HONORS

Every Member of the G. Y. C. who wins a place in "Recipes for G. Y. C. Cooks," the G. Y. C. Cookbook to be made up for you filled with recipes chosen from those submitted in the Cooking Contest, will receive a gift copy of the cookbook autographed by Hazel Grey.

### Get Ready, On Your Mark, Set—Go!

The Minden, Nebraska, Active Branch Club of the G. Y. C. don their cooking aprons and caps and get out cooking utensils ready for the big contest. And I hope that when you have read this G. Y. C. page every one of you—Members of the 141 Branch Clubs, 4659 Corresponding Members, and 1767 Active Members—will put on your aprons and measure out your ingredients to compete, too, in the G. Y. C. Cooking Contest.

If anyone is reading this and isn't yet a Member of the G. Y. C., she should waste no time in sending me the famous Keystone Blank and winning her opportunity to join in the fun and to try for one of the beautiful and valuable prizes to be awarded to the best tested recipes submitted by Junior and Senior Members of the Girls of The Youth's Companion.

H. G.

Left to right—Clarice Elm, 18; Lillie Johannesen, 15; Mildred Arent, 18, President; and Ida Johannesen, 18

### A Line a Day from The G. Y. C. Workbox

JUNE 6: We had just started to work when the bell rang and Hazel Grey appeared for a visit. Work was suspended for a while until greetings were over and she had seen all the new enterprises in progress. Dorothy started to work on an old tin tray today. It is to be scraped and lacquered.

JUNE 7: We are still working on the hooked rug—but it is on the home stretch!

JUNE 9: We started two brand-new enterprises today—a new rug made by cross-stitching with yarn on coarse canvas; also the purse made with the paper twist on canvas.

JUNE 10: Lots of fun! We had just read Miss Margia Haugh's first fashion article in the June 2nd G. Y. C., and decided to make human-proportion charts. We were much chagrined to find that most of us were out of proportion in one respect or another in comparison with the ideal average figure! However, it wasn't so bad when everyone was in the same predicament. When we were through with our charts, we spent the remaining time on the enterprises under way—working on the cross-stitched rug and the hooked rug.

JUNE 11: We started today a sport sweater made of two-toned green jersey. After cutting it out it was discovered that there was enough material left for another sleeveless sweater. So now two sweaters are in progress!

JUNE 13: The sweaters were stitched up, and of course everyone tried them on. They were most becoming to Helen and Dorothy. We are making good headway on the cross-stitched rug—it is fascinating to work on and goes more quickly than the hooked one. The bag and belt are coming along well, too, and should be finished soon.

JUNE 14: A gala day—for we put the finishing touches on our hooked rug, and it is worth all our efforts. The sweaters were ironed as a finishing touch for them.

JUNE 16: Another big day—the hooked rug came off its frame, was lined and put into place on the bedroom floor with due ceremony. When the cross-stitched rug is finished we shall have three rugs in our bedroom; they show the different ways in which attractive bedroom rugs may be made by any girl: woven, hooked and cross-stitched. Our hooked rug is a great addition to the darling little bedroom and was especially planned so that its colors harmonized with the others used in the color scheme of the room.

JUNE 17: Still another red-letter day! We packed little individual baskets of lunch, made ice cream in our good Alaska electric freezer and had a picnic lunch out under the apple trees behind the G. Y. C. Workbox and the Y. C. Lab. Carola made a wonderful cake, but she was distressed because the frosting ran a bit. However, that didn't interfere with its taste!

JUNE 18: Helen and Dorothy wore their new sweaters and looked decidedly chic! Work progresses on the cross-stitched rug.

JUNE 20: A new-old table arrived today and is to go into the bedroom as a bedside table when it has been re-finished. It wobbles in every joint now—and is badly in need of paint! More scraping in view.

JUNE 21: We went shopping for material to make some mid-summer dresses. It was so thrilling—we didn't know where to begin or end, everything was so lovely. We could hardly wait to cut out our dresses.

JUNE 23: A busy day—we started cutting our dresses, and bits of lovely material flew all over the Workbox floors! The cross-stitch rug is speeding ahead. The weather is ideal, and we enjoy working out on our big porch.

JUNE 24: The nicest day ever; we got ready to work out on the porch but it started to rain, so we had to bundle everything up and come in again. Dress material everywhere. We had a lot of fun fitting each other. We are having keen competition to see who can make the best-looking dress.

JUNE 25: The sewing-machine buzzed busily for the whole meeting. The dresses are coming along fast, and we are delighted with them. The cross-stitch rug is lovely and loads of fun to work on—we are taking turns on that.



## SALLY'S SASH

By

Grace Kirkpatrick

Illustrated by Mary Eames

"O H, mother, mother, it's the package that came from England!" Sally Langdon exclaimed excitedly as her mother handed her a parcel. "Is it for me?" This was happening on Sally's birthday—July 12, 1777.



Her fingers were all trembly as she unfasted the wrappings

"Yes, dear, it is your gift," Mrs. Langdon replied, kissing the happy flushed face and smoothing Sally's golden curls, "and mother hopes it will please you."

"Oh, mother!" Sally couldn't say another word. But she hoped—oh, so hard—that in the package she would find a silk dress with a sash, a wide sash, for Sally was sure she wanted that most of all.

Her fingers were all trembly as she unfasted the wrappings. There it was. A dress with tiny pink rosebuds scattered over it, and a sash—wide and white and silkily shiny!

"Would you like to slip it on, dear?" Mother Langdon asked.

"Oh, if you please! And may I run to Caroline Chandler's to show it to Sister Mary and Augusta and Dorothy and Helen, for they are all over there sewing?"

"Yes, dear. There—it looks well." Sally had quickly slipped out of her pinafore and into her new gift. "Be careful not to spot or tear it, as the girls are coming home to tea with Mary and we expect another guest."

Sally skipped happily down the street to the home of Caroline Chandler, stopping often to feel and stroke her lovely sash.

She was very glad to be going, not only to show her sister Mary the new dress, but also to learn what the older girls were



The girls' quick fingers fashioned Sally's lovely ribbon into stars

doing. They had been meeting diligently for several days and sewing—very mysteriously.

Mrs. Chandler opened the door and bade Sally go right into the parlor. At the entrance of the room Sally stopped.

"Why, why!"

Scattered about were pieces of silk, and over a chair was a strip from Mary's best crimson dress, which had been cut in pieces!

Sally gasped again. Then she noticed what Mary was saying.

"Girls, what shall we do? Every bit of white silk is gone, and we haven't enough stars."

"And you say the Captain is to be at your house for tea—oh, we must finish this afternoon."

# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Stars? The Captain?"

Then suddenly Sally understood. Spread out before the other girls and her sister was a flag—red and white and blue. The design was the one which, on June 14th, Congress had decided should be the flag of the United States, and the girls had made one from their silk dresses.

And the Captain? Sally knew in a flash that they must mean Captain John Paul Jones, for his boat, the Ranger, had just sailed into Portsmouth harbor. Surely it was he who was coming for tea—her mother had said there was to be a guest.

"Oh, we must find some silk." Caroline was speaking again.

"Would—would my sash do?"

"Oh, Sally, where did you come from—how you startled me!" exclaimed Caroline.

"How nice you look; and your sash—are you sure you want to give it?"

Sally nodded as she unfastened it. She couldn't speak. She loved her sash and had scarcely worn it five minutes. But Mary had given her crimson dress and Caroline her new blue one.

With lips that quivered and eyes that shone Sally watched her lovely ribbon as the girls' quick fingers fashioned it into stars, which they quilted carefully and neatly in place on the field of blue.

"And now it's done! Sally, aren't you proud to have helped?" Mary asked triumphantly. "We shall have to hurry now. Mother will be expecting us, and the Captain will have arrived."

It was as Mary had said. Captain Jones was seated before the fire with Mrs. Langdon. He rose as the girls entered. When they gave him the beautiful flag his voice broke with emotion as he thanked them for it.

"We shall not be parted—so long as we

can float, we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

As he said it, Sally trembled with pride for the stars which she had given. The next day she was happier still when, with Mary and the other girls who had all been invited on board the Ranger, she watched the raising of the new flag.

And then, shortly after that, Captain Jones sailed away out of Portsmouth harbor, and the excitement was over. Sally folded her rosebud dress away and—well, she hoped for another sash some day—perhaps on her next birthday.

The sash was almost forgotten in the busy days which followed. Sally studied with her mother when they were not all busy sewing and doing what they could to aid the soldiers and sailors in the new nation. Almost forgotten—entirely so, perhaps, by everyone but Sally and one other. Who do you suppose that was? Why, no other than the brave Captain. He remembered the story of the way the last few stars on his flag had been made.

One day, as Sally's birthday was drawing near again, a message came from him. It said:

"I am happy to tell you that the flag of the Ranger received the first salute ever given by a foreign power to the flag of the United States of America."

Scarcely waiting to hear more,—that this had happened in February, 1778, in Quiberon Bay, and that an admiral of the French navy had fired the salute,—Sally ran up to her room.

Carefully she took out her rosebud dress and put it on. How pretty it looked without a sash! Sally knew that she would always love to wear it so and think that that first flag had been partly hers.



How pretty it looked without a sash!

## HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

IS it growing as well as Jane and Betty's is? Can I help you along by answering any questions about "what to do next"? And if you are a boy or a girl still under 14 years of age and haven't joined the Garden Club—send me your dues of 10 cents today and join in the race for the prizes that The Youth's Companion will award to the boys and girls who make the best gardens and submit records of them to the Judges at the end of the summer.

8 Arlington Street

THE GARDEN CLUB LEADER

Boston, Mass.

## THE STORY OF JANE AND BETTY'S GARDEN—III

"THE best thing about a garden," said Jane one July morning, "is that there is always something new and interesting to do in it."

Mother smiled. "How did you know," she asked, "that I have a surprise for you today?"

"Oh, have you?" "We didn't!" "What is it?" The children were excited at once.

"It's cauliflower plants," said Mother. "I thought we could plant them in the place of those peas and the spinach that we ate last month. But before we put them in there is a good deal else that needs to be done in the garden."

And indeed there was. They began to work that morning while the morning glories were open and fresh. They had noticed that the tomatoes were looking rather top-heavy after last week's rain. "We must basket them," said Mother. "I'll lend you some of daddy's baskets." But what she showed them was not a basket at all, but a round hoop on three legs.

"You put the hoop round the tomato plant," she explained, "and push the legs firmly into the soil so that you have a little fence all round for it to lean on. Then you trim off the lower branches so that the tomatoes will all grow above the fence and get enough sun to ripen them."

They did this and cultivated round each plant. And when they had finished, the tomatoes looked very trim and comfy indeed.

Then they began to get the soil ready for the cauliflower plants. They pushed the cultivator up and down the rows where the peas had been until the soil was soft. Then they raked it smooth. When that was done, they set the plants in two straight rows, about two feet apart. While Jane dug holes for them, Betty poured in water from the watering-can. Each little plant had its roots

buried deep in a cool puddle of water, and so it didn't really mind being transplanted at all.

When the plants were all in, the children began to think about lunch.

"It's quite time," said Mother, "but before we go, look behind you."

They looked,—and ran to the zinnia border. On each plant was a stiff red or yellow or pink flower, which seemed to have come there by magic.

"It must have happened since the rain," said Jane.

"And since yesterday's sun," said Mother.

"They're gay, aren't they?"

"They're lovely," said Jane and Betty together.

The children didn't pick the zinnias. They left them there, "for beautyfulness," as Betty had said. But they did pick the vegetables, every few days after that, all through

July. There were always plenty of carrots large enough to eat, which left space, when they were pulled out, for the others next time to grow fat. And there were beets, and more radishes and lettuce for salads. By the end of the month, the tomatoe plants had begun to be heavy with little hard green balls, and the bean bushes had bloomed and dropped their blossoms. In their places hung the tiny pointed pods which would some day be string beans.

The children kept the soil of their garden soft and free from weeds. When a number of days went by without rain, they sprinkled it with the garden hose. They deserved a good garden, because they worked so hard in it.

"Gardens," daddy had told them, "aren't matters of luck. They give you back what you put into them."

And while they ate their vegetables that day at noon, they decided that their garden at least was playing fair.



## Nuts & Crack

### 1. HIDDEN NAME.

Once it is made law, a reform becomes a power of government. The name of a part of the United States can be found in this sentence.

### 2. MISSING WORDS.

Under the spreading . . . . . bough  
None . . . the great shining light.  
None . . . . . or minded darkness now,  
But . . . . . throughout the night.

The four missing words are spelled with the same five letters, differently arranged for each word.

### 3. CHARADE.

In my first, my second sat;  
Then my third and fourth I ate.  
Guess this riddle; you'll find that  
Satisfaction still will wait.

### 4. WORD DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Possesses. 3. . . . .  
Became weaker. 4. Wasted by . . . . .  
suffering. 5. Not safe. 6. Scorch- . . . . .  
ing. 7. An idler. 8. Excavated. . . . .  
9. A letter.

## ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

1. Pirate; Irate; Rate.  
2. Care; Race.  
3. C; Sap; Neves; Seventh; Cavernous; Penning; Stony; Hug; S.  
4. O; No; Mon; Morn; Roman; Marion; Marconi; Macaroni.  
5. Colonel Puzler placed his five men in positions number 3, 5, 7, 13, and 14. In counting out each fourth man they would drop out in this order: 4, 8, 12, 1, 6, 11, 2, 9, 15, 10, leaving his five men at the end.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. Captain Marryat. 2. The shamrock. 3. Red means "danger, stop"; yellow, "proceed with caution"; green, "all safe, go ahead." 4. The "Maine." 5. Lawn tennis. 6. An Englishwoman who organized hospitals and a corps of nurses in the Crimean War. 7. M. 8. Dried grapes. 9. Mozart. 10. Rome. 11. Tusks of animals, especially elephants. 12. From Albert, the Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, who introduced the style. 13. Cygnet. 14. (a) Bachelor of Arts; (b) able seaman. 15. North-north-east. 16. Pontius Pilate. 17. Lake Superior. 18. Gen. Paul von Hindenburg. 19. The "Spirit of St. Louis." 20. That of a land surveyor.



AN ACTUAL LETTER FROM A  
P AND G HOME

## 28 little spotless outfits every week [ not to mention Peter, the cat! ]

Procter & Gamble,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Gentlemen:

The little girl shown in one of your recent advertisements looks mighty clean and nice; but her mother can't begin to use as much PAND G as I do.

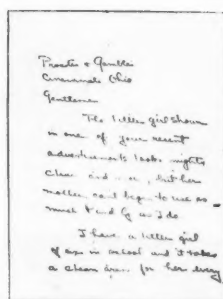
I have a little girl of six in school and it takes a clean dress for her every morning. I also have twin girls, three, and a boy, two, and it takes clean clothes from the skin out for them every day. I used to make enough clothes for them to change each day, but they outgrew them so fast that I am trying another plan now.

They use three outfits each, two for everyday and one for Sunday. Every morning I set a galvanized tub of cold water on the stove, shave PAND G into it, and put in the white clothes while the water is cold. I let them stay in until they have boiled fifteen minutes and then take them out, and while rinsing them, let the colored clothes soak in the same water. *No rubbing* is required except on the cuffs of the little dresses. In that way I save money and my washing is not hard to do.

Yours truly,

Mrs. J. L. Moyse, Castle, Oklahoma

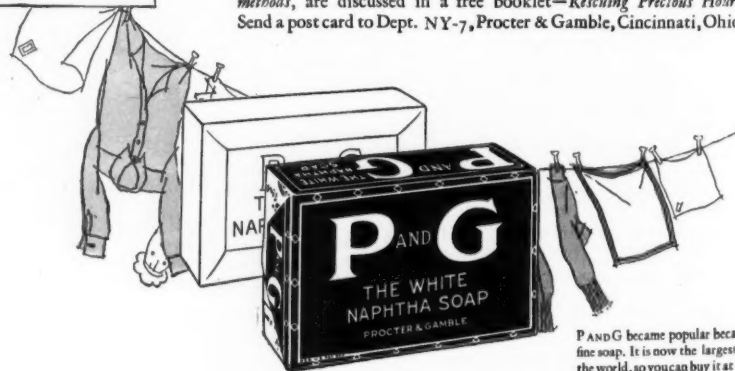
P. S. The children use PAND G to wash Peter, the cat with!



*Less rubbing*—that's one reason why more women use P AND G than use any other soap in the world.

P AND G gives such a fine, quick suds and takes out dirt so quickly—no matter what kind of water you use, hard or soft, hot or cold. Then, too, it rinses out promptly with never a trace of soap left to make yellow streaks when you iron—and your clothes are gloriously sweet and fresh and clean-smelling. P AND G really *is* a better soap. Don't you think that it should be doing *your* washing and cleaning too?

FREE—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. "How to take out 15 common stains . . . get clothes clean in lukewarm water . . . lighten wash-day labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Dept. NY-7, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



P AND G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

# The largest-selling soap in the world